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HOPE'S ANTITHESIS.

'Tis well to look, where higher worlds
are gleaming—
Light after light, across the Eternal
Seas—

And say how far above this strife and
scheming

They move—like hearts at ease;
Nor ill to think how, where those star-
strewn spaces

Can catch no echo from our darkling
fight,

The watchers at their lone or leaguered
places

Must bless our beacon light!

'Tis well to know (as those whose faith
is certain)

That Golden Years already touch the
gate,

That we but need to pass to-morrow's
curtain

To find the crooked straight;

Well, too, that those blind Powers at
war with meekness

Through one more day compel our souls
to steer .

By the vast strength that comes from
mortal weakness,

By courage born of fear.

'Tis well to see, through gibe and con-
tradiction,

That Good Supreme must make for
goodness still,

That all the evil known is human fic-
tion,

Or erring human will;

And good, so long as human art dis-
closes

Its jealous care, in all man's hand has
made,

It should be with the griefs as with
the roses—

If they are real, they fade.

'Tis well with men when higher hopes
will kindle

In ripening years, that still have
proved the best,

When they have seen youth's irksome
follies dwindle,

And know that work is rest.

Aye! Even well, though wisdom Time
has given,

Were doomed, with Time itself, to slip
away,

And Youth, renewed, on some wide field
of Heaven,

Should call to endless play.

G. M. Hort.

The Academy.

THE ARTIST.

He shut his door, and mingled with the
throng.

A smile, a something vivid, young,
half-wild,

A gleam of understanding in his eyes,
All-tolerant, all-wise,

Drew a man to him. As they swung
along,

A woman joined them; last, a child.

And to all these that day was passing
sweet;

For now, at last, the man had found a
friend,

The woman love, the child a fairyland;
Each yearning, dumb demand

Of each he heard, and could divineller
meet

Than any dream. The day had end.

So through the sunset came they to his
door,

And he fell silent—smiling still, withal,
But looking past, and through them.

"Let us come,"

They cried, "into your home!

Friendship—the Future—Love we hold
in store

For you, who taught us of them all!"

But he, as one who marvelled, said,
"What need

Have I of these, who dwell with them
apart?

Behold now, and farewell!"—They
looked, and there

A room showed, small and bare;
Nought could they see within it . . .
save, indeed,

The tools wherewith he shaped his
art.

V. H. Friedlaender.

The Athenæum.

THE RULE OF FUNK.

In the *Times* of the 16th of March I read the following announcement:

Mr. Sherwell has given notice of an amendment to Mr. Ormsby Gore's resolution on Syndicalism in these terms: "That this House, while expressing its strong disapproval of all forms of incitement to acts of violence in connection with social or political propaganda, is of opinion that the interests of the State and of social order could best be secured by immediate consideration of the causes of the unrest now and lately prevailing among the industrial classes."

Nothing apparently came of Mr. Ormsby Gore's resolution, beyond a phantasmal debate. With the thought underlying Mr. Sherwell's amendment I am in full sympathy. The greatest—problem now before the world is the reorganization of industry upon an ethical basis. But I confess to much astonishment that Mr. Sherwell, with his experience of the House of Commons, should have invited that assembly to discuss it. Consider what the House of Commons really is. No doubt it contains intellects of the first order, perfectly able to grasp and solve the highest questions of statecraft. But those are not the subjects which engage their attention. "Party," Mr. Balfour once told his fellow-legislators, "is the very breath of our nostrils," and party issues so absorb their energies that other topics receive unwilling and scant consideration. Even those among them who have the pre-eminence supply conclusive evidence that this is so. Thus Mr. Lloyd George, the holder of a very important office, and accounted, by some, a man of light and leading, informed the House the other day that "Socialism is the policeman of Syndicalism." The writer of an able article in the *Times*¹ observed, justly, that "the

remark, and the spirit of cheerful confidence it embodied, reveal a state of deep ignorance covered by a thin coating of treacherous knowledge, extremely dangerous at these times in a particularly active Minister."

And if party leaders can so gravely misapprehend important public topics, what capacity for rationally dealing with them can be expected from the rank and file of the led? What, in fact, is the average member of Parliament but claptrap made flesh and dwelling among us as a legislator? Ignorant of history, of finance, of political philosophy, his intellectual equipment is a set of commonplaces, platitudes, shibboleths, which he has never tried to think out, and very likely could not if he tried. "How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!" But it must be that sort of nonsense which bears the party imprimatur, or his place will soon know him no more. Sir Henry Maine has remarked that "debates in the House of Commons may be constantly read which consisted wholly in the exchange of weak generalities and strong personalities."² To this we may add that they are the hollowest pretence in the world, for it is perfectly well known that honorable members must not give expression to any conclusion at which they may arrive in opposition to the party ukase. "I have heard many speeches in Parliament," a veteran legislator observed, "which changed my opinion, but never one which changed my vote." "Non cogito ergo sum" is the true account of the ordinary Parliamentary representative. If he once begins to think for himself, he is a doomed man. So was it with Mr. Belloc. So with Mr. Harold Cox, whom the University of Cambridge—or I suppose I should say the clerical electors

¹ An article entitled "Syndicalism." It appeared on the 25th of March.

² Popular Government, p. 108.

of that seat of learning—rejected in favor of a gentleman doubtless full of mathematics but, politically considered, “a simple vote.”^{*}

And can it be otherwise when our system of party Government prevails? I do not see how. Let us look at the situation with eyes purged of cant. What is the real employment of the six hundred and odd gentlemen who assemble “within those walls”? They are engaged in playing the party game—perhaps the most demoralizing of all forms of gambling. The prize for which they are contending is office. It is a question of Ins or Outs. Carlyle puts it very well:

A mighty question indeed! Who shall be Premier, and take in hand the “rudder of government,” otherwise called the “spigot of taxation”; shall it be the Honorable Felix Parvulus, or the Right Honorable Felicissimus Zero? By our electioneerings and Hansard debates, and ever-enduring tempest of jargon that goes on everywhere, we manage to settle that; to have it declared, with no bloodshed, except insignificant blood from the nose in hustings-time, but with immense beershed and inkshed and explosion of nonsense, which darkens all the air, that the Right Honorable Zero is to be the man. That we firmly settle. Zero, all shivering with rapture and with terror, mounts into the high saddle; cramps himself on, with knees, heels, hands, and feet; and the horse gallops—whither it lists. That the Right Honorable Zero should attempt controlling the horse—alas, alas, he, sticking with beak and claws, is too happy if the horse will only gallop any whither, and not throw him. Measure, polity, plan or scheme of public good or evil, is not in the head of Felicissimus; except, if he could but devise it, some measure that would please his horse for the moment, and encourage him to go with softer paces,

^{*} I am indebted to Pope for the phrase:

“That from a patriot of distinguished
note
Have bled and purged me to a simple
vote.”

godward or devilward as it might be, and save Felicissimus's leather, which is fast wearing. This is what we call a Government in England.

Further: What is the means by which office is attained or retained? Bribery. Not of free and independent electors by small money doles; no—our virtuous legislators would blush at that, or, at all events, “would blush to find it fame”; but bribery on a much larger scale, and by far more nefarious and detestable expedients. Consider the present Government, for example. I select it as an example because it is before our eyes, not because it is essentially different from former Governments, or worse—at all events, much worse—than some of them. The numerical strength of the Liberal party proper—if I may so speak—is inadequate to keep the Government in office. More votes are wanted, and they have to be paid for. There are two considerable groups in the House of Commons whose suffrages are on sale—one, the Home Rule party, whose price is the dismemberment of the Empire;^{*}

^{*} I found this statement upon Mr. Redmond's public declarations. Here are a few of them. At Kanturk, on the 17th of November 1895, he asserted: “The consummation of all our hopes and aspirations is, in one word, to drive English rule, sooner or later, bag and baggage, from our country.” He said at Cork, on the 24th of October 1901, that the aim of the Irish League was “the national independence of Ireland.” At an Irish-American Convention, held in New York on the 21st of September 1907, he spoke on behalf of the following resolution: “That, in supporting Home Rule for Ireland, we abandon no principle of Irish nationhood as laid down by the fathers in the Irish movement for independence, from Wolfe Tone and Emmet to Charles J. Kickham and Charles Stewart Parnell,” and in the course of his speech he said: “I do not think I ever heard a more magnificent declaration of Irish national principles. The declaration puts, in the clearest way, the meaning and essence of this movement—it is no new movement; it is the movement for which Emmet died.” I am far from making it a matter of reproach to Mr. Redmond that he holds these views. I think I should hold them too if I were a Celtic Irishman. The Home Rule movement is the natural consequence, the merited punishment of England for centuries of cruel and cowardly oppression in Ireland. We have sown the wind; we are reaping the whirlwind.

the other, the Labor party, whose price is the disintegration of society. And does the Government hesitate, in either case, to pay the price demanded? By no means. It is willing to pay that price, and more also, in order to remain for a time "dressed in a little brief authority." The late coal strike was bitterly resented by the Government as an unmannerly interruption of the party game. And Mr. Asquith's avowed object has been not to diagnose and to heal the disease in the body politic of which it is so grave a symptom; no, but merely to get it out of the way as quickly as possible.

And now I will venture, as a student, all my life, of history and political science, to make my modest contribution to the discussion invited by Mr. Sherwell, although, within the narrow limits of a Review article, I am necessarily restricted to outlines. The only knowledge which is worth having on this great question is casual knowledge. Indeed, to understand any political situation aright, we must understand how things have become what they are. The last century witnessed a great change in this nation. The ten or twelve millions of the population of the country in 1812 have become forty millions. They have ceased to be a pastoral and agricultural people, leading quiet and healthful rural lives—"fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestes"—to become dwellers in fog-grimed slums, and profit-making machines—"hands" is the significant term commonly employed—in manufactories, on railways, in docks, in mines. The change has not been to their advantage physically. Has it been so morally or intellectually? The schoolmaster has been abroad. But what is the real worth of the so-called "education" imparted by him? The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said that the Church Catechism had moulded the

character of the English people—the Church Catechism with its teaching as to the great end of life, the right rule of life, the duty of truth and justice in all one's dealings, of respect for and obedience to the powers that be, as ordained of God. That teaching is now at a discount. I remember Mr. Ruskin observing that what has superseded it is a mere training in impudence. I think he might have added, and in discontent. It appears to me, indeed, that discontent is the special note of the working classes at the present day. And I do not wonder at it. The condition of vast numbers of them—for example, those employed in the sweated trades—is horrible, and a national disgrace. Moreover, the old orthodox political economy, by installing competition, working by supply and demand, as the all-sufficient principle in industrial relations, by proclaiming the supremacy of bodily appetites over moral motives, has arrayed capital and labor in two hostile camps. As I wrote in this Review last October,⁵ "The old charities and courtesies which once bound together the various members of the body politic have disappeared, and have been replaced by a state of universal war—*bellum omnium contra omnes*." And the conception of the social organism, of the country's solidarity, has disappeared too. A century ago we were "a nation still, the rulers and the ruled." Then the notion of such a movement as the recent coal strike would have been unthinkable. Now the workers in each of the various branches of industry are bound together in a vast organization, insisting at all costs on their rights and interests, real or supposed, and utterly indifferent to the rights and interests of the community at large, or, for the matter of that, of the workers in other industries. Do not let us suppose that

⁵ In an article entitled "The Philosophy of Strikes." *The Living Age*, Nov. 18, 1911.

this present coal strike—for it is still present with us—is an isolated phenomenon. No: it is the forerunner of fresh and worse industrial convulsions; for it is the outcome of an idea which has by no means had its full development. Let us see what that idea is.

To do that we must go back for rather more than a century. The idea of which we are in search was introduced into the world by Jean-Jacques Rousseau. He is the author of the doctrine of pseudo-democracy, of the autonomy of the individual. He postulates unrestricted liberty and boundless sovereignty for the abstract man who is the unit of his speculations, and whom he declares to be naturally good and reasonable. The doctrine of the absolute equivalence of men is of the essence of his teaching; and so is the dogma of the sufficiency of the individual in the order of thought and the order of action. He was gladly heard by all classes in France as a new evangelist, and the French Revolution was an attempt to realize his gospel at any cost of blood or crime. The conception of civil society adopted by the revolutionary legislators and underlying "The Declaration of the Rights of the Man and the Citizen" is a multitude of sovereign human units who—that is to say, the majority of whom—exercise their power through their mandatories. And in the will, or whim, of this numerical majority we are bidden to find the unique source of all rights. The essence of the revolutionary dogma is that only on equality, absolute and universal, can the public order be properly founded. Arrange that everybody shall count for one, and nobody for more than one, and by this distribution of political power, whatever be the moral, intellectual, or social condition of its depositaries, you realize the perfect, the only legitimate form of the State.

Upon the causes which led to the enthusiastic reception of this doctrine in France it is impossible for me to dwell here. They are admirably expounded, as all the world knows, in the initial chapters of Taine's great work. It has been well said that an idea must become French before it can become European. And one effect of the French Revolution and its wars was to spread the doctrine of Rousseauan individualism throughout Europe. Napoleon's campaigns, bringing down in a common ruin the old-world polities, shook this idea into the air. He claimed that he embodied the Revolution: and so, in a sense, he did. The essence of Bonapartism is plebiscitary despotism, which rests upon the conception of the people as an aggregate of isolated and unrelated atoms. Socialism, for the origin of which, let us remember, we go back to Rousseau,⁶ is another issue of the same conception. It rests upon that doctrine of the unlimited power of the majority of sovereign human units so widely received and believed in France, and that country, in the judgment of a very clear-headed publicist, the late M. Scherer, is bound to make trial of Socialism. Nor, if we survey its history during the last two decades, would it probably be much worse off under a Socialist régime. A French writer, whom I must reckon the profoundest student of men and society that France has seen of late years, observes:

Since June 1889 the country has beheld ignoble possessors of ephemeral authority proscribe, in the name of Liberty, her dearest convictions: abominable politicians play upon universal suffrage as an instrument wherewith to seize power and to instal their lying mediocrity in the highest place. And the country has endured this universal suffrage, the most monstrous and the most iniquitous of tyrannies, for the

⁶ Its germ is unquestionably in a well-known passage of Rousseau's Discourse on the Origin of Inequality.

force of numbers is the most brutal of forces.⁷

And the ethos of the revolutionary movement throughout Europe is just what it is in France. Look at Portugal, for example, the scene of its latest triumph: a look at the abominations there will be sufficient: "guarda e passa." Very few publicists have realized how widespread is the influence of the speculations of Rousseau. But certain it is that in every country those who denominate themselves the party of progress, although in most cases they have probably never read a line of him, spout his sophisms and vent his verbiage, which have become current coin.

In England, the advance of the Rousseauian idea has been slower than on the Continent of Europe. Perhaps it was not until about the year 1820 that it made itself much felt in this country. It found here a distribution of political power resting upon quite another conception than the numerical—resting, not upon counting heads, but upon the representation of classes, corporations, localities, interests, and, we may say, all the elements of national life. That system, as it then existed, undoubtedly required reform. The so-called Reform Bill of 1832 did not reform, but overthrew it. The Duke of Wellington, "rich in saving common sense"⁸ beyond any man of that time,

⁷ I quote this passage from an article of M. Bourget's, but unfortunately I have mislaid the reference. I have, however, before me the original French, which I am the more glad to give as I feel how inadequate is my rendering of it: "La France des 1889 a vu d'ignobles maîtres d'un jour proscrire, au nom de la liberté, ses plus chères croyances: des politiciens abominables jouer du suffrage universel comme un instrument de règne, et installer leur médiocrité menteuse dans les plus hautes places. Elle l'a subi, ce suffrage universel, la plus monstrueuse des tyrannies—car la force des nombres est la plus brutale des forces."

⁸ And in other still more valuable qualities: "the last honest and perfectly brave man they had," Carlyle judged; truly, as I think.

truly told the House of Lords that "the principle of this measure was not reform": that the spirit animating it was "the outcome of the French Revolution," and that "from the period of its adoption we shall date the downfall of the Constitution." It was, in fact, the introduction into this country of political atomism, of a representation of mere numbers; and it was but the beginning of a series of similar statutes, all underlain by the Rousseauian principle, and each carrying that principle further. There were, indeed, wise and far-seeing men who sought to stay this disastrous movement, and who, for a brief time—but only for a brief time—checked it. Thus, Mr. Gladstone's Household Suffrage Bill of 1866 was opposed and defeated by the moderate section of the Liberal party led by Mr. Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke. That clear-headed thinker protested that one class should not be allowed to out-vote all the other classes combined,⁹ and predicted that the effect of the legislation to which he offered such strenuous opposition would be to convert the trade unions into political organizations, merely intent on gaining their own ends, in utter disregard of national interests. The event has shown that he was right. The trade unions originally devised, and for some time carried on, for the most righteous object of protecting working men against the atrocious tyranny of capital, gradually fell under the influence of demagogues, and, in the event, became the instruments of Socialistic agitators. I have dwelt upon that subject in a previous number of this Review, already referred to, and need not here repeat what I there said. The average working man is too ignorant—that is not his fault—to understand anything beyond the simplest matters touching him per-

⁹ Lord Acton has pungently remarked that "the doctrine of equality means government by the poor and payment by the rich." Lectures on the French Revolution, p. 300.

sonally—and even these he often misunderstands. He is the natural prey of the charlatan who flatters his vanity, stimulates his passions, and makes of his very defects a qualification for power, assuring him—it is part of Rousseau's message to the world—that education is depravation, that the untutored children of nature are endowed with an instinct qualifying them to sway the rod of empire:

You that woo the Voices, tell them old
experience is a fool,
Teach your flattered Kings that only
they who cannot read can rule.

Such was the teaching of that demagogue in *excelesis* the late Mr. Gladstone, "most incomparable master in the art of persuading the multitude of the thing that is not," and was embodied in his memorable demand, "Are the classes ever right when they differ from the masses?" The answer of history to that question is "Nearly always." But of history Mr. Gladstone was almost as ignorant as the populace upon which he played. If there is one lesson written more legibly than another upon the annals of the world, it is that majorities are almost always wrong: that truth is the prerogative of minorities—nay, it may even be of a minority of one. That is the verdict of history. It holds good of all ages. It specially holds good of the times in which we live. John Stuart Mill, in his *Political Economy*, is well warranted when he dwells upon "the extreme unfitness at present of mankind in general, or of the laboring classes in particular, for any order of things which would make any considerable demand upon their intellect or virtue." But it is on "the laboring classes" that preponderating political power has been conferred. We have—or soon shall have—a Parliamentary electorate of eight millions. Of these, five millions will be manual laborers, whose votes, given

—as they unquestionably will be—under the direction of Socialistic leaders, will dominate the one Chamber now left us. Sir Henry Maine has well characterized it as "a type of government associated with terrible events—a single Assembly armed with full power over the Constitution, which it may exercise at pleasure . . . a theoretically all-powerful Convention governed by a practically all-powerful secret Committee of Public Safety, but kept from complete submission to its authority by obstruction, for which its rulers are always trying to find a remedy in some kind of moral guillotine."¹⁰ This has been the political progress of this country—often the theme of such proud boasting—since the Reform Act of 1832. Progress! But of what kind? Surely it is like that of the Gadarene swine: swift certainly, but conducting to the steep place and the engulfing deep.

We may say, then, of this recent strike, which has been the immediate occasion of my writing, that it is the issue of that theory of political society which, originally excogitated by Rousseau, has largely pervaded all European countries, and has transformed the English system of government. And it is notable how in recent years politicians in search of votes have set themselves to flatter and to fawn upon the masses, and, after the Gladstonian example, to sow discord between them and the classes. Surely a bad art, in which much proficiency has been exhibited of late by one of the King's Ministers, largely endowed with those predatory propensities which the nursery rhyme attributes to the Welsh. The votes of the many have become of vast importance, and the price demanded for those votes, however exorbitant, has been paid without scruple. And thus it has come to pass that trade unions

¹⁰ Popular Government, p. 125. Sir Henry Maine wrote prophetically. "We are drifting towards a type," the sentence begins. His prophecy has come true. We have so drifted.

have been converted from harmless necessary organizations for the protection of their members into noxious conspiracies uncontrolled by the law. The chief means by which they exercised their beneficent functions was collective bargaining—the only means, it had been found, of combating and counteracting the tyranny of capital. But collective bargaining implies—necessarily implies—as its correlative, collective responsibility. Trade unions and their funds are, however, exempt by statute from all liability for breach of agreements or awards made between workmen and employers. A notion had grown up that they were exempt, too, from actions of tort: that their funds could not be made liable to compensate a person who had sustained injury by wrongful acts done by their agents. The decision of the House of Lords in the Taff Vale case exploded this notion, and affirmed the liability of trade unions in the case indicated. The Royal Commission appointed in 1903 unanimously recommended that the law as laid down in the Taff Vale case should not be disturbed, and the Majority Report contains the following passage:

There is no rule of law so elementary, so universal, or so indispensable as the rule that a wrongdoer should be made to redress his wrong. If trade unions were exempt from this liability they would be the only exception, and it would then be right that that exception should be removed. That vast and powerful institutions should be permanently licensed to apply the funds they possess to do wrong to others, and by that wrong inflict upon them damage, perhaps to the amount of many thousand pounds, and yet not be liable to make redress out of those funds, would be a state of things opposed to the very idea of law, order, and justice.

The Government, however, did not adopt this view. Many of their supporters had bought the votes of the

miners at the previous General Election by promising to do all in their power to procure a change in the law as laid down in the Taff Vale case, and united with the Labor party in bringing pressure to bear (as the phrase is) upon the Government. Of course the Government yielded to that pressure. By some means which have not come to the light, the Front Opposition Bench in the Commons was squared, and resistance in the Lords was obviated, and so the Trades Disputes Act, 1906, contained the following astounding provisions:

1. An act done by a person in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute shall not be actionable on the ground only that it induces some other person to break a contract of employment.

2. An action against a trade union, whether of workmen or masters, or against any members or officials thereof on behalf of themselves and all other members of the trade union, in respect of any tortious act alleged to have been committed by or on behalf of the trade union, shall not be entertained by any court.

It is difficult to imagine anything more utterly opposed to justice, common sense, or public policy than legislation such as this. To use the words quoted above from the Majority Report of the Royal Commission, it confers upon the powerful associations which the trade unions have now become, the power to apply with immunity the vast funds which they possess to do wrong to others. But that is not the whole of the surrender made to them by the Trades Disputes Act, 1906. One of the most sacred rights of man is the right to labor. It may properly be called a natural right, as being inherent in human personality; as being an essential part of that freedom which is an attribute of humanity. The trade unions claim to make void that right. They

demand that a workman shall work only when and how they dictate. They apply brute force to support their dictation, assaulting and battering those who resist it. And this tyranny the Legislature virtually authorizes by its sanction given in the Trades Disputes Act to what is hypocritically called "peaceful picketing." The phrase is a derision. It is a contradiction in terms. Armed with this weapon of immunity from civil liability and from the criminal law, the miners entered upon the coal strike in a position of overwhelming superiority. Their demand was virtually this: "Concede what we ask, or we will starve the nation." The King's Ministers, cowed by them, reminded me of the attitude of the ass in *Tristram Shandy*: "Don't thrash me, but if you will you may." They tried in vain the blandishments of appeals and conferences, and the main point of the strikers was conceded.¹¹ A formal engagement made by the Government with the mine-owners was brushed aside on the mendacious allegation of "misunderstanding."¹² And so a daring conspiracy against the common-

¹¹ I must say that for my part I sympathize with the demand for a minimum wage—or rather a living wage—while detesting the means taken by trade unions to enforce it. I may observe that nothing has been done to secure a minimum wage to workers in the sweated trades, whose awful condition cries to Heaven for vengeance. They can bring no pressure to bear on the Government.

¹² In a letter which appeared in the Times of the 1st of April, Lord Newton writes: "What occurred is as follows: The coal-owners approached the Government on Wednesday morning with a view to the insertion of a particular amendment in the House of Lords, and the Government undertook to meet their wishes, provided the consent of the miners' official representatives was obtained. That consent was obtained, and accordingly Lord Crewe announced his intention of moving it as an agreed amendment, indicating the exact wording of it in the course of his speech on the second reading. Later in the evening the miners' representatives (having apparently changed their minds) ordered the Government to abandon the amendment, and Lord Crewe was compelled to make his humiliating statement. What misunderstanding is there in this? It is merely the repudiation of an engagement by the Government at the bidding of some members of the Labor party."

wealth, which in most civilized countries would have been put down in a few days, was crowned with success, or, in the words of Mr. Redmond—with an eye on the Labor votes—came to an end "in a magnificent triumph for the working men of England."

It is well to remember—indeed, it is most necessary—that the industrial unrest, as the phrase is, of which we have recently had so striking an exhibition, is almost universal throughout what we call the civilized world. Everywhere preponderating political power has fallen to the manual laborers; and everywhere they have fallen, more or less, under the sway of men who set before them Utopias for the most part quite unrealizable. Not long ago I chanced to converse with a French Socialist who has a reputation for eloquence—he was certainly very voluble—and I pressed him, as closely as courtesy would allow, to tell me what he really wanted. "Eh bien," he said at last, "Je suis pour la république universelle, et pour l'égalité des hommes." He acknowledged, indeed, that the universal republic was very far off, and that he was unable to conjecture how it would be organized, but he thought it would embody the ideas of Rossel regarding inheritance, the family and property.¹³ However that might be, he was sure that the equality of men was the only true foundation of human society. I acknowledged that there is a fundamental equality in human nature which should find its corollary in the equality of all men before the law, and entreated him to tell me what other equality was possible. Physical and

¹³ He was good enough to send me the following extract from some work of Rossel's—he did not specify what—in which those ideas are sufficiently indicated: "Il y a dans la société une classe nombreuse, industrielle, puissante parce qu'elle est groupée, à laquelle ne s'appliquent ni vos lois sur l'héritage, ni vos lois sur la famille, ni vos lois sur la propriété. Changez vos lois, ou cette classe essaiera de se créer une société à elle, ou il n'y aura ni famille, ni héritage, ni propriété."

mental inequality be confessed as a fact, nor could he deny that this meant inequality in political value. I, for my part, admitted that every man is entitled to some share of political power, for the simple reason that he is a *person*, whose rational co-operation is necessary for his own development; but I urged that to say all men have a right to *some* share of political power is one thing; to say all men have a right to the *same* share is quite another. I ventured to urge that every man should count in the community for what he is really worth; that his mights (*mächte*) should be the measure of his rights; that to give every adult male the same share of political power is as unreasonable as to require all men to pay the same amount of taxation. To which he would by no means assent. The egalitarian doctrine was to him a first principle, sacred from discussion. To me it appears a false principle, and in the doctrine of the right divine (or shall I say the inherent right?—the word “divine”) might give offence in some quarters) of majorities, which rests upon it, I find the perennial source of political corruption and social unrest. I believe that Schiller spoke the words of truth and soberness when he wrote:

What are mere numbers? Numbers are but nonsense;

Wisdom is never found save with the few:

Votes should be rightly weighed, not only counted:

Sooner or later must that State go under

Where numbers rule and foolishness determines.²⁴

²⁴ A poor translation, as I am well aware, of Schiller's majestic lines, but the best that will come to my pen at this moment:

“Was ist die Mehrheit? Mehrheit ist der Unsinn;
Verstand ist stets bei Wen'gen nur gewesen.
Man soll die Stimmen wagen und nicht zählen;
Der Staat muss untergeh'n, früh oder spät.
Wo Mehrheit siegt und Unverstand entscheidet.”

It seems to me, then, that the best hope of Europe—it is a far-off hope—lies in the elimination of the central idea of the French Revolution, formulated by Rousseau's disciples as the first and fundamental proposition of *The Declaration of the Rights of the Man and the Citizen*. Men are not born, and do not continue, equal in rights. They are born and continue equal in mights, and therefore in rights, and consequently they are not entitled to equal shares of political power. John Stuart Mill has summed up the matter in six words: “Equal voting is in principle wrong.” It is unjust. But justice is the foundation of the State: “*justitia fundamentum regni*.” And justice is not a thing which can be manufactured by political machinery. You may decree injustice by a law, but it remains unjust. You may affirm the thing that is not, by ever so many Acts of Parliament, but you will not convert it into the thing that is. The false remains false in spite of the declamation of doctrinaires and the madness of the people. And it is a mere foundation of sand for the political edifice reared upon it. Rousseau himself discerned this truth clearly enough, and admirably expressed it: “If the Legislature establishes a principle at variance with that which results from the nature of things, the State will never cease to be agitated till that principle is expelled and invincible Nature has resumed her sway.”

Commending to my readers this dictum of Rousseau—one of the illuminating flashes of genius which light up, from time to time, the black darkness of his sophisms—let us consider, in conclusion, the immediate prospect before us, now that the coal strike is supposed to be over. The men have got what they struck for, a minimum wage—they have got it at the cost of indescribable suffering to hardworking

fathers and devoted mothers and innocent little children; of a loss of thirty millions to the country—and of the shattered nerves of Mr. Asquith. To gain an end justifiable in itself, they have waged a fratricidal war against a nation and have cowed its Government into submission. It is a colossal scandal that a single industry should have had power to do this thing. History may well inquire whether a nation in which it could happen was sane: whether it was ruled by fools or cowards. And what is to prevent a recurrence of this state of things in the future? Certainly the Minimum Wage Act¹⁵ will not prevent it. As certainly we cannot look to the Government for legislation to prevent it. The suggested Royal Commission is simply a device for the King's Ministers to avoid responsibility, and to save time for going on with their congenial occupation, majority mongering. There is absolutely no necessity for a Royal Commission on the subject. Remedies which might be quite effective are plainly discernible. If anything is perfectly clear it is that this huge strike is largely due to the legislation which has put trade unions above the law. And the first step to remedy the mischief is, as clearly, to undo that legislation. To render the funds of a trade union liable for any damage done by or through it, for breach of any agreement entered into by it and ratified by the Board of Trade, utterly to prohibit picketing, to require that the accounts of trade

unions shall be audited by public officials and published, and to enact that every member of a union should have votes in proportion to his interest in its funds, are measures so obviously just and reasonable that merely to mention them should be enough. They would give a death-blow to the influence of Socialists and Syndicalists who now lead the poor, ignorant¹⁶ workers captive at their will. And so they would retard that dissolution of the social organism which is the avowed end of those sectaries.¹⁷ But, on the other hand, they would assuredly lose the Government the support of the Labor party in Parliament and the overwhelming votes of trade unionists in many

¹⁵ I use the word advisedly. A friend of mine was talking to a miner, an intelligent man enough, who observed, "Well, I don't know much about this Millenry wage business, but we've got to obey our leaders."

¹⁷ It is desirable to apprehend what Syndicalism and Socialism really are, where they differ, and in what they agree; otherwise we may fall into the error of Mr. Lloyd George or, if that be possible, into a worse error. Mr. Snowden, who knows what he is talking about, is reported, in the *Times* of the 1st of April, to have said, "Syndicalism is opposed to organization and to the State: it is anarchy pure and simple, and the very opposite of Socialism." No doubt this is so in theory; but, as Mr. Keir Hardie observed in a speech, reported in the same issue of the *Times*, "When the Syndicalist said that every trade union should be merged into one union he was preaching the same theory as the Socialists. They differed with the Syndicalists when they said that the mines should belong to the miners and the railways to the railwaymen, and so on. That was a debatable point on which he need not enter. The final goal of the Syndicalist was not essentially different from that of the Socialist. He did not want the colliers to own the pits, or the factory workers the mills; he wanted the community as a whole to own them, so that they could be worked for the good of the community. He would oppose, to the utmost, any attempt to cause antagonism between Syndicalism and Socialism, as they were both trying to put some backbone and determination into the working classes. Both were equally anxious for the overthrow of the existing state of society, and the creation of a newer and better state in which there should be freedom in the widest and broadest sense of the term." Syndicalism, then, is one thing, and Socialism another: but Socialism, through the trade unions which it commands, unites with Syndicalism in making war upon society—much to Mr. Keir Hardie's satisfaction.

¹⁶ I wonder how many of our legislators who passed this Act know that it redressed, after a fashion, an injustice of a century's standing. Until 1814 the Justices were empowered by statute to establish a minimum wage between employers and employed. In that year capitalists, intent upon grinding the poor by applying ruthlessly the principle of competition working through supply and demand, pronounced all-sufficient by the Orthodox Political Economy, procured the abolition of this provision of the law, in spite of the opposition of the workers, with whom, it may be noted, Pitt strongly sympathized.

constituencies.²⁸ That is held to be a conclusive reason why the King's Ministers should not initiate or support them. Parliamentary Government, as it exists among us, means the complete subordination of national to party interests. Ministers are always hampered by the fear of losing votes. And so the action of the Government is paralyzed in all departments of the State. The gravest questions—the questions which most nearly concern the most vital interests of the community—are shelved. "Le peuple ne m'intéresse que lorsqu'il vote," a French demagogue is reported to have said, in a moment of cynical candor. And it is at the cost of these voting animals, or rather of the nation at large, that the party game is played: the poor, long-suffering, stupid, stolid nation, which looks helplessly on and pays the piper—whose price, as in this matter of the recent coal strike, is sometimes heavy.

What, then, is the prospect before us? The trade unions are led, as they have been for the last fifteen years—led, yes, and skilfully organized—by men deficient indeed in economical knowledge, but of great force of character and untrammelled by scruples. The rank and file of the unions do not know what they want. But the leaders have a distinct apprehension of their own aims. The pamphlet of which the *Times* gave a full account on the 27th of February—*The Miners' Next Step*—is sufficiently enlightening. The strategy of the organization which it proposes is set out with great frankness in four paragraphs, which are worth quoting:

That the old policy of identity of interest between employer and employed

²⁸ Of course it must always be remembered that it would be in the power of the majority of the electorate—the five millions of manual laborers—to reverse the suggested legislation, and, in the absence of the introduction of a rational system of representation, it cannot be doubted that they would do so.

be abolished and a policy of open hostility be installed.

That for the purpose of giving greater strength to the lodges they be encouraged to join together to form joint committees and to hold joint meetings; these committees to have power to initiate and carry out the policy within their own area, unhampered by agent or executive council, so long as they act within their own financial resources. The lodges should, as far as possible, discard the old method of coming out on strike for any little minor grievance, and adopt the more scientific weapon of the irritation strike, by simply remaining at work, and so contrive by their general conduct to make the colliery unremunerative.

That a continual agitation be carried on in favor of increasing the *minimum* wage and lessening the hours of labor until we have extracted the whole of the employers' profits.

That our objective be to build up an organization that will ultimately take over the mining industry and carry it on in the interests of the workers.

The authorship of this pamphlet is, I believe, kept a secret, but there can be no doubt that the words which I have quoted are not the words of irresponsible men: they represent the views of a committee, a number of very influential men who, for all practical purposes, exercise a preponderating influence over the South Wales miners. And it is unquestionable that the leaders of many trade unions—avowed Socialists or Syndicalists—are animated by this conception of underhand war and ultimate pillage. It is equally unquestionable that the success of the organizers of the coal strike will hugely encourage others to follow their example. Nor can we even dismiss the Syndicalist notion of a general strike as a bad dream. It will probably come, though it may be long in coming. But what we have immediately to expect is a series of gigantic strikes, fraught with ruin to British industries, and fraught with intense suffering to manual laborers and

to the poor generally; for the war thus waged is not merely against capital, but incidentally against other branches of labor. That is the prospect before us. What is to prevent its being realized? I remember my old friend Sir

The Nineteenth Century and After.

Alexander Arbuthnot, on his return from India, saying to me, "The real governing power in this country is Funk." We must make an end of that governing power if there is not to be an end of England.

W. S. Lilly.

THE SUPERMAN.*

Whatever may be said about Nietzsche—and perhaps the last word may not be said for many a day to come—there can be no question that he stands, a big and decidedly menacing figure, on the pathway of the modern pilgrim, and will not let us by till we do battle with him. Will he turn out to be really the Apollyon that he looks? Of is he our true guide and friend in a strange disguise? We cannot tell till we have closed with him, and have either overthrown him or found our master. We certainly cannot evade him. He has disguise? We cannot tell till we have foundations of our traditional beliefs in almost every sphere of life and thought. Stray gleams of Nietzschean thought have been visitants to this country for many years. Every drawing-room can chatter about the Superman, and has an idea of what is meant by the transvaluation of all moral values. Now, in these seventeen volumes—excellently translated and helpfully annotated under Dr. Oscar Levy's editorship—we have, for the first time, the whole man projected bodily into English literature, and England, or the part of it which pays any attention to such things, is in a position to make up its mind about him. The whole man in

very truth; for what we have here is the personal utterance of a human spirit, whose lineaments are as clearly discerned in these pages as its outward aspect is in that wonderful etching by Hans Olde, where the aching temples seem to throb visibly as we look at them. Let us glance briefly at the life and character out of which this new evangel of the Superman has arisen. The materials for the account are to be found mainly in the three-volume biography by his sister, Frau Förster-Nietzsche, in the shorter work published yesterday in English under the title of "The Young Nietzsche," in the studies of Lichtenberger, Pallaré, and others, by friend or foe; a steadily growing body of Nietzsche literature. The latest addition to it, which we have just referred to, reproduces to a large extent the corresponding section of the large biography, but makes use of new material since collected and has some new and interesting illustrations.

Friedrich Nietzsche was born in Saxony in 1844, the descendant of a worthy but undistinguished stock of German Protestant pastors. More remotely he claimed descent from the noble Polish family of Nietzsche. He studied at the famous school of Pforta, and afterwards at Bonn University. He became a good classical scholar, and in 1869 was appointed, through the influence of Ritschl, Professor of Classical Philology at Bale. During his term of military service in 1868 he had a serious accident on horseback, which caused

* *The Young Nietzsche*, by Frau Förster-Nietzsche. Translated by A. M. Ludovici (Heinemann. 15s. net.)

The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche. Edited by Dr. Oscar Levy. Translated by A. M. Ludovici, Helen Zimmern, J. McKennedy, Thomas Common, W. A. Hausmann, and others. Seventeen volumes, (Edinburgh: T. N. Foulis. £3 11s. net.)

The Gospel of Superman. Translated from the French of Henry Lichtenberger by J. M. Kennedy. (Edinburgh: T. N. Foulis. 5s. net.)

him prolonged suffering and probably injured his health permanently. In Switzerland he saw much of Richard Wagner, and struck up an enthusiastic friendship with him—a friendship which afterwards turned to bitter hostility, especially when, in *Parsifal*, Wagner glorified that religion of pity and sympathy which in Nietzsche's "transvaluation of values" was the embodiment of all that is base and mischievous. The beautiful and well-known passage about Stellar Friendship in "Joyful Wisdom" was the wreath which Nietzsche laid on the tomb of this dead affection, while in "The Case of Wagner" he burnt his friend in effigy. At Bale he published his first work of any consequence, "The Birth of Tragedy" (1871). It is a dreamy and thoroughly German speculation, in which Tragedy is deduced from the attempt to veil the irrational cruelty of life by the illusion of nobility and beauty, while Comedy makes its irrationality more tolerable by turning it to laughter. In the "Thoughts Out of Season" (1873-5) he begins to outline his views of human regeneration by "the production of genius," and we hear the first notes of his attack on German culture as a creation of historians and pedants who produce nothing but a kind of Philistinism, the Philistinism of culture, which is as bad as that of the *épiciers*. It is down to this point only that we are taken in the full but somewhat too sisterly narrative of "The Young Nietzsche." "The Lonely Nietzsche" is the significant title of the second volume in which this English biography will be concluded. In 1878 came "Human, All Too Human"; and here he began to perfect the aphoristic style in which all his later books except the "Genealogy of Morals" were written. He took infinite pains in the development of this style and made it capable of expressing anything he wished. "The aphorism," he wrote, "in

which I am the first master among the Germans, is the form for eternity. It is my ambition to say in ten sentences what any other man says in a book—nay, what *no* other man says in a book." It is now the aim of Nietzsche, as he himself avows, to expose "with a wicked smile" the seamy side of the things that most men revere and love—the "transvaluation of values" has begun, though the execution of it here is rather in the spirit of cynicism than in that of philosophy.

Ill-health is the note of this book—it now becomes also the note of Nietzsche's physical life. Violent neuralgia and dyspepsia, the result apparently of an overstrained brain and nervous system, led to the habit of taking drugs; the eyes and the brain became seriously affected and in 1879 he resigned his professorship on a pension of 3,000f. The year 1880 was the most terrible of his life—"a fearful and almost uninterrupted martyrdom," he wrote to Fräulein von Meysenbug; "but I judge from certain symptoms that the stroke of cerebral congestion which shall liberate me is at hand." The stroke did not fall, however; he recovered, though perhaps only partially, and found a climate and surroundings which suited him at Sils Maria in the Upper Engadine. Here he lived, with occasional excursions to Italy, for the rest of his working days; and here he wrote his central work, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," together with "Joyful Wisdom" (1882), "Beyond Good and Evil" (1885), "The Genealogy of Morals" (1887), and other less important works of his final period—the latest, like "Ecce Homo" (autobiographical), showing in its colossal egotism what will seem to most people unmistakable signs of mental derangement. None of these works attracted any attention in his lifetime, and Nietzsche's was by his own choice a singularly loveless and solitary existence, though he had for a time the com-

panionship of his sister and of one faithful disciple, the musician Peter Gast. The writing of "Zarathustra" was accompanied by an overpowering sense of physical and mental exaltation. Much of it was composed out of doors. In the endeavor to combat the fiend of insomnia he tried to exhaust himself by frenzied roamings over the Alps, "walking, leaping, climbing, dancing." Here in the mountains, he wrote, "I scribble something on a leaf without stopping. I write nothing at a desk; my scribblings are afterwards deciphered by my friends." The drug habit took a new development in 1883. He now took not only chloral, but every kind of drug in or out of the pharmacopœia that he could think of. One day a Dutch visitor brought him a substance of unknown properties from Java. Nietzsche eagerly seized it, and spent the night on the floor of his room in a frightful nervous crisis. In a letter of 1884 he wrote:—"I have, alas, got ill again and taken to the old remedy—and then I hate unspeakably all men that I have ever known, myself included. I sleep well, but suffer afterwards from misanthropy and remorse; and yet apart from this I have the most benevolent of tempers." One of his biographers, M. de Pallarès, writes with justice, "Que toute cette pharmacopée de sorcière se puisse sentir à travers ses écrits, c'est ce qui ne fait pas doute." The end of Nietzsche's intellectual life came in 1888. It was the most prolific of all his working years; but now the poisoned nerves and overheated brain finally gave way. "I take narcotic after narcotic," he wrote, "to deaden my suffering, and yet I cannot find sleep. To-day I should like to take such a dose that I should lose my reason by it." A few days later he was picked up in a street in Turin, lying on the ground and shaken by convulsions of laughter. Twelve years afterwards he died, without having re-

covered his intelligence, in a *maison de santé* at Weimar.

To recount such a history may seem almost equivalent to the abandonment of any claim for a serious investigation of Nietzsche's thought. But such is by no means our intention. Nietzsche was unquestionably a man of genius; a man who expressed with power and insight something that demanded expression in our age and that found in him not its only, but certainly its most potent, voice. Let us try to suggest what this something was. Christianity, as taught in the Gospels, and taken simply at its face value, in the plain sense of the words of Christ, appeared to Nietzsche to furnish a perfectly definite and coherent view of ethics and of social life. It is a view founded on the ideas of infinite meekness, patience, forgiveness, non-resistance to aggression, and the avoidance of any accumulation of worldly wealth. For ages this view has been accepted, not by professed Christians only, but also by those who deny any supernatural element in the history and teaching of Christianity, as the last word of truth, wisdom, and beauty in ethical teaching, although the full realization of it in practice has rarely been regarded as possible in the world as at present constituted. Tolstoi is one of the few who have so regarded it. For him it is no "counsel of perfection," but a message of healing for all social ills if we only resolve to abjure all accommodations and live by it, here and now. Nietzsche, on the other hand, demands that we should throw it over altogether. According to him the teaching of the Gospels is marked by a "profound psychological corruption"—it is no counsel of perfection but a counsel of cowardice. It is a "slave-morality," the natural refuge of the weak and sickly, but a poison to the strong. Be poor-spirited, meek, patient, forgiving, ask little of life—if so be you may dwell un-

harméd in your hole—in another life, as St. Thomas Aquinas and Tertullian have said in a flash of the deep vindictiveness of the slave-nature, you will be rewarded by the spectacle of the tortures of those who now lord it over you. Thus "the New Testament is the gospel of a completely ignoble species of man." The true morality is the morality of an aristocracy of health and power, "rough, stormy, relentless, hard, violently predatory." And the first duty of the strong and healthy is not to help the sick or weakly, but to keep rigidly aloof from them:—

What is good? All that enhances the feeling of power. . . .

Not contentment, but more power; not peace at any price, but war; not virtue, but efficiency (virtue in the Renaissance sense, *virtù*, free from all moralic acid). The weak and the botched (*die Schwachen und Missratnen*) shall perish; first principle of our humanity. And they ought even to be helped to perish.

What is more harmful than any vice? Practical sympathy with all the botched and the weak—Christianity. ("The Antichrist," p. 128.)

The origin of the "slave-morality" has been traced by Nietzsche in his "Genealogy of Morals." It originates, according to his diagnosis, in the disgust with life, the fear of life. Life, with all its plagues, catastrophes, bereavements, all the uncontrollable and pitiless movements with which it seems to be weaving some vast unintelligible fabric athwart our puny efforts to create an ordered and happy existence—how are we to reconcile ourselves to this monstrous and terrible thing? The "ascetic religions," immemorially old, and now represented mainly by Christianity, do so by teaching that our sufferings are not meaningless; they are an expiation for sin, or a purification for a nobler existence to come. Hence the religion of suffering—thus it is that God has willed our purification and re-

lease; let us not merely endure suffering, but clasp it and glorify it that it may be the sooner at an end. Thus asceticism, on the surface a denial of life, is really a life-movement, an accommodation to life. But it is the wrong accommodation, a device of slaves and cowards. Take life boldly, says Nietzsche; approach it as a "laughing lion"; rejoice with those that rejoice, but beware of weeping with those that weep; set up as your goal not happiness but power, and take as your guide not morality but the instinct for freedom, possession, mastery. To the ascetic denial of life oppose a triumphant, uncompromising "yea-saying of life"—and so shall you help to build the bridge from the ape to the Superman, in whom, when the time is ripe for him, will be embodied all that is strong, elemental, distinguished (*vornehm*), nobly-egotistic and wholesomely savage in human nature.

Enough has been said to indicate Nietzsche's position. Perhaps its radical weakness as well as its strength has now become clear to the reader. For, with all the acuteness, the vividness, the poetry with which he expounds his dream of the transvaluation of all the accepted values, it remains still but a dream; the vision, we must deliberately say, of a poisoned brain.

On the negative side, indeed, he has flung into modern thought some ferments which ought to cause a not unwholesome disturbance of conventional appreciations. But on the positive and constructive side his conception of the Superman as the goal of humanity is evidently false and narrow. Such a being can never find a place as a permanent element in human society. The ascetic religions, we are told, have sprung into being in order to furnish an escape, in thought at least, from the raw horrors of life. Well, then, how does the Superman escape them? He is in no way exempt from the common

lot. Sickness, frustration, anguish, death—all these he must suffer, to these he must somehow reconcile himself. "Carlyle," wrote Moncure Conway to Allingham, "has got a word from Goethe with which he brains every phantom." The word was *Entsagen*, renunciation. But that is a "denial of life," cries Nietzsche, a thing abominable, a weapon of cowards and skulkers! With what club, then, shall the Superman brain his phantoms? The Stoic fortitude is not his, nor the Christian faith, for both of these are inspired by transcendental beliefs which Nietzsche peremptorily disowns. The truth is that Nietzsche's club is cut from the very same tree as that of the ascetic. He can only create his Superman by a denial of life as trenchant as that of Tolstoy, only that he denies the other half of it. He knows well that a world of Supermen is a sheer impossibility—there will still be the masses of men, "moles and dwarfs," whom Nietzsche relegates to "belief and slavery" and who he fondly supposes will stay in their places like a piece of mechanism which repeats the same movements unvaryingly so long as its store of energy endures. How profound is the gulf which separates this conception from the real movement of life: drop the seventeen volumes of Nietzsche into it, and they disappear without a sound! And these masses of men in whom Nietzsche sees nothing but what is mediocre, timid, slavish, despicable—what can he really have known of them? Fortunately the age which gave us Tolstoy and Nietzsche has given us also an affirmer of the whole of life, and in him the best touchstone and revealer of all halfness. Walt Whitman had never heard of the Superman—if he had one can imagine what he would have thought of that would-be aristocratic but essentially vulgar conception. Man was good enough for him. But all that is human and real in the

doctrine of the Superman was clearly anticipated by Whitman:—

Of Life immense in passion, pulse and power,
Cheerful, for freest action formed under the laws divine,
The Modern Man I sing.

I announce myriads of youths, beautiful, gigantic, sweet-blooded:
I announce a race of splendid and savage old men.

Allons! with power, liberty, the earth, the elements,
Health, defiance, gayety, self-esteem, curiosity.

Yes, Whitman proclaimed the true Superman, and the Superwoman too—woman, whom Nietzsche (note again the deep vulgarity of this hater of the masses) calls "a beautiful and dangerous cat," never to be visited without the whip. But he loved the common people, whom he knew as Nietzsche never did, and saw the greatness, actual or potential, in all humanity, however "weak and botched":—

What I assume you shall assume.
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you:

I saw the face of the most smear'd and slobbering idiot they had at the asylum,

And I knew for my consolation what they knew not,

I knew of the agents that emptied and broke my brother,

The same wait to clear the rubbish from the fallen tenement,

And I shall look again in a score or two of ages,

And I shall meet the real landlord, perfect and unharmed, every inch as good as myself.

The Lord advances and yet advances,
Always the shadow in front, always the reach'd hand bringing up the laggards.

Richard Dehmel was right—it is the artists who are the true yea-sayers of life.

And as for Christianity, whatever may be said about the "Essene" or life-denying element in the Gospels—a subject which cannot be adequately discussed here—there is one thing certain about the teaching of Christ, that it did something for the common man which had never been attempted before by any religion or any philosophy. It took this common man, just as he was, and showed that in his soul are being tried out all the really great issues of the universe. Wealth, intellect, royalty, even austere morality—these are but trifles compared with the experiences that lie within the reach of every artisan or fisherman—nay, of every thief and harlot. Was *this* a denial of life? Surely not, but the most tremendous affirmation of it that ever was made on earth. Nietzsche's is a paltry thing by comparison. It was a transvaluation of values which invested the commonest human clay with a divinity that it can never lose again. Nietzsche was cursed—this yea-sayer

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of life—as he himself confesses, with the "contempt of man," and all his thinking is vitiated by this radical disease. He had true fire in him, but it was not strong enough to consume its own smoke. He saw keenly the insufficiency, the ignobility, of viewing the goal of life as a universal, comfortable mediocrity, founded on the encouragement of a weak good-nature and always "playing for safety." But if he rightly scorned these "virtues of the herd," he need not have confused with them those sweet, common humanities which give beauty and fragrance to the humblest lives, and which are a better presage of the future of the race than the dimly discerned glories of the visionary Superman. He was undoubtedly, as one of his German critics has said, a great "agitator"; but any man or nation that seriously tried to live by his Evangel of Power would soon discover that there was something to be said for the Sermon on the Mount.

FORTUNA CHANCE.

BY JAMES PRIOR.

CHAPTER XXI.

PAYABLE TO BEARER.

Christmas came and the two sisters put off a promised visit to relatives at Hathersage with the standing excuse of the state of the roads. Roland's hair had grown enough to make up for the loss of his wig. He was well enough in body to partake moderately of Mistress Allott's Christmas ples, plum-puddings, custards and other festive fare. On the last day of the week he affirmed his fitness to travel further; not for the first time, but now with a reasonableness and resolution which his hostesses could not dispute. They only begged a delay until Mon-

day, to be given to the necessary preparations. As well as they could with their scanty information they planned a route through the Peak and West Yorkshire, so that he should avoid the towns and follow in the track neither of the Duke of Cumberland's nor General Wade's army. They lessoned him in the first part of his course, so well known to them, by Spitewinter, Stone Edge, Holymoorside, Watchell and Pudding Pie Hill, where he would enter on the Chesterfield and Manchester road. Particularly they enjoined on him to mark the new road-stone at the cross-roads a little further on and to take the proper direction for Middle-

ton. The delicate question of his finances they advisedly left to the last minute, but having the advantage of position and making full use of it they compelled him to accept the loan of a horse.

They thought of engaging Elijah Bailey to fetch away the horse from the stable while the morning was still dark and to lead it to an agreed-upon waiting-place by the moorside, whence he could serve as Roland's guide to the Chesterfield road. They sent for him on Sunday night. He came at once and was shown in to Mistress Ann in the chintz room. But instead of waiting to be questioned or commanded he immediately began to speak, as though he had come at his own or—what was the same thing—his wife's impulse.

"Mebbe I should a comed afore, ma'am, but t' Lord left uz to wer own poor guidance."

He put the hand that held his hat behind his back, thus bringing into prominence the other in which was a scrap of soiled paper. As soon as he saw it had caught Mistress Ann's eyes he continued:

"I fun it yesterdee was a sennet unner a goss-bush nigh 'and wheer t' poor lad up-stairs——"

"Sh!" said Mistress Ann, for the old man's voice was high-pitched. "Miss Molly, you mean?"

"Ay him. I bro't it home to Ag thinkin'—I dunna know what thinkin'. At fust Ag says, 'Tis noat; 'tis nubbet a little bit; it conna mane a dale; an' that bit a mucky bit. Thou munna plague t' ladies wi' no such trifle.' Then she says, 'I think t' devil'—axin' pardon, ma'am—'is in t' little varmin, od-rabbit it'—axin' pardon again, ma'am. For t' little toid, ma'am, sempt to be allus a-talkin' at uz; words we couldna quite catch ho'd on. 'Dal t' tweeny mortal,' she says. 'Why do they mak writin' so small an' dree? Why conna they mak' it as big's shov-

els an' shape-hooks,' she says, 'so's onybody could see what it manes?'"

"Quick, Elijah, quick! I've much to do this evening."

"Ay, ma'am, ay, we're a-coomin' to t' quickness presently; but we conna hae't afore we've gotten to't; that's raison; and raison as they says is a good fruit. So at last she says, says Ag—'twere yestren. Weren't yestreen? Ay, 'twere; that is to say if to-dee's Sundee an' yestreen was Saturdee."

"It is so and was so, Elijah. Proceed."

"Good, ma'am, good. I will purceed; with permission. 'Twere yestreen; agreed. She says—what did she say? Dunna trouble yoursen, ma'am, to mak answer; I hae't. She says, 'I'm fair weary o' t' little naggin' beist; other folk mun abide a spell on him. Tomorrow shalt wesh thy face an' scrape thy boots an' goo down to t' hall an' tak it theer, an' whatsumdever they does or says lave it theer.'"

Mistress Ann took the paper from him; though weather-marked the writing on it was perfectly legible. It unfolded itself casually in her hand, and the signature at the foot irresistibly caught her eye. Her face changed; she knew the handwriting; with the help doubtless of the name. But she read no more. With few words she thanked Elijah, though of course unable to say whether his find would prove something or nothing. Then she put half-a-crown into his hand and gave him his orders for the morning.

Said Elijah, "There shall be no mistake unless by t' Lord's good pleasure. I'll meet him wheer I fun him, by t' moor side."

Having dismissed him Mistress Ann shortly gave the history of the paper to her sister and desired her to take it up to their guest. Mistress Allott was thinking chiefly of tarts and jellies for the light part of their last supper together, but she noticed a something

different in Mistress Ann's manner and complexion.

"What is the matter, sister Ann?" she said anxiously. "Is your back any the worse for this change of weather?"

"Perhaps it is a thought the worse, sister."

"You shall take some tar-water to-night, or you'll be having a bout of lumbago. I have much faith in Berkeley."

"Because you have tasted his book but not his remedy."

Then Mistress Allott took the paper up to Roland and asked if it were aught of his.

"It is, madam," he answered; "'tis a piece of my mother's handwriting. 'Twould be worth five-and-twenty guineas to me if I could get to Nottingham. Now I misdoubt 'twill prove to be worth nothing."

So saying he put it on the table under her eyes.

When Mistress Allott went down again her sister saw in her less mobile face somewhat of the same change which had come over her own, but did not ask if the weather had anything to do with it. As usual they left Roland alone for an hour in the evening. Mistress Allott settled about supper and then sat with her sister in the great oak-panelled parlor. She had the *Lives of the Saints* on the table before her, Mistress Ann had her lighter volume in her hand. Mistress Allott was rarely loquacious but seldom lapsed into a long interval of silence; unlike Mistress Ann whose volubilities were often succeeded by periods of taciturnity; but that evening the one sat as uncommunicative as the other. The elder indeed often said she talked best with a needle in her hand, but the younger had proved times and times again that she could follow Mr. Pope's ingenuities, Doctor Swift's directnesses or Johnny Gay's frivolities, and yet take her sufficient part in any conver-

sation that was going on. It was however the more patient of the two who tired first. Yet they had been sitting thus quite half an hour before she said:

"It don't want twenty minutes of eight."

And eight o'clock was their supper-time.

Mistress Ann just glanced towards the deliberate clock in the corner, said, "Your eyesight does not differ from mine," and looked back again upon her book.

She understood her sister's meaning perfectly; but if her thoughts were not taking the same direction as her eyes she gave no outward sign of it.

Apparently Mistress Allott was becoming more impatient; she looked again at the slow clock dribbling out time by half-seconds and found that a bare five minutes had elapsed.

"What book is it, Ann, that you're so vastly interested in?"

She noticed that Mistress Ann had to bethink herself, had to look back surreptitiously at the title-page before she could answer, "*The Fable of the Bees*."

"That's an old book and by no means one which you much taste, I believe."

"I like it well enough for the time being," said Mistress Ann.

Another pause measured by half-seconds; shorter yet seeming longer than the last. Then Mistress Allott dropping her unusual indirectness said:

"Why don't you speak to me, Ann, about Fortuna Surety?"

"I know no such person, Felicia."

"She is the mother of the young gentleman above-stairs."

"Since you tell me, I know so much about her."

"Don't you take in the obvious connection between Fortuna Surety, Fortuna Bond and Fortuna Chance?"

"Surety and Bond may be near enough related to call cousins legally, but for aught I know Surety and

Chance are as strange to each other as heaven and earth."

"Her handwriting exactly tallies, Ann; I've seen it."

"With permission?"

"Certainly."

"You can hardly take it on yourself to say that the permission extends to me."

"How odd you are, Ann, to-night!"

"Hush!"

"Why hush?"

"I thought—the door— 'Tis nothing."

"You are not vaporish, Ann, nor wont neither to start at somethings, much less nothings."

"Talk as much as you please, sister Allott; it is quite indifferent to me."

"Nay, 'tis your turn sister Ann. I've shot my bolt."

"Then—'tis—no great matter what you have hit—or missed."

"Surely it makes some sort of difference that this Roland Surety, instead of being an utter stranger, is a nephew of ours of a sort."

"Is't really so? And is the addition in his favor or otherwise?"

"That is according as you take it."

"I? Oh, I haven't taken it at all as yet."

Mistress Allott read seven slow measured lines of the *Lives of the Saints*; then said in tones as measured and as slow:

"But understand that I do not forgive Fortuna."

"Chance or Bond or Surety?"

"Not the first nor the second nor the third neither."

"Then I suppose that in pure consistency you will not *forgive* this conjectural son of hers?"

"I cannot forgive *her*."

"You do not consider that he favors *her*?"

"On the whole, no; he takes after the other side. His eyes for instance are blue."

"And what may hers be—if you deign to remember?"

Mistress Allott did not answer; read a word or two and answered:

"Hazel."

"If by that you mean a greeny brown 'twould make 'em exactly a match with your own."

"You know very well, Ann, that mine are true hazel."

"Also?"

"But I shall never forgive her."

"Such being the irreconcilable variance between one hazel and another? I who have eyes of ordinary gray may look on at the quarrel with an unperturbed indifference."

There was a reading silence for perhaps a minute; it almost seemed that the debate had lapsed. Then Mistress Allott said:

"Your eyes *are* gray, Ann; but she had just such a pout of the underlip as—you know who; and so has he."

Then Mistress Ann, who had hitherto seemed so unusually cool, all at once took fire.

"You're insulting, sister Allott," she said. "I have no such foolish pout. And you know it, you know it!"

She rose and walked out of the room. She did not go up to Roland's chamber until she was called to supper. The constraint that rested upon each member of the party during that meal may have been owing to the consciousness of a near parting. Supper over, Mistress Ann took down the trayful that her sister had brought up. When she returned Roland was apparently in close conversation with Mistress Allott. He was saying with a frank reserve:

"I never knew my father."

It was evidently all he had to say thereupon, but Mistress Ann remained by the door.

"This seems to be a *tête-à-tête* conversation," said she.

"No, madam," answered he, "I am

saying nothing that will not be honored by your hearing."

"Sir, you speak very courtier-like," said Mistress Ann; but came nearer.

"Our young friend," said her sister, "has just begun telling something about his life which I think should be interesting to both of us."

Mistress Ann sat down somewhat apart, yet where she could see Roland's face. Her chief endeavor was so to keep her gaze upon his eyes that it might not take his lips in. It is noteworthy that both ladies for the time were shy of addressing him by his Christian name, as though the probability of blood-relationship had put him farther from them—or too near to them.

"Your mother," said Mistress Allott, "in her widowhood will sadly miss your presence."

"My father is not dead," answered Roland with the same candor of reserve as before, closing the subject. "Ay, she will miss me," he continued with a noticeable difference of tone; "and this slobbery weather will keep her indoors. She'll weary of her books and she won't care to sing. If only the sun would shine she could go out into her garden, and the shooting-up of one snow-drop bud would keep her happy maybe for half a day."

"Why do you look so at me, sister Allott," said Mistress Ann hotly, "as though you knew something by me?"

"I was not looking at you, sister Ann, so far as I am aware, and I know nothing by you. I was just considering that hardly an hour bygone you too was wishing 'twere gardening weather again."

"Your consideration of which at the present moment is to my mind altogether ill-considered."

Mistress Allott turned again to Roland.

"I gather that your mother is no

more given to housewifery than is my good sister here."

"My mistress here, madam, might be more given and yet very little given. Everything of that sort is left to Press."

Mistress Ann turned a glance her sister's way, a mere flash and back again; but she was caught by Mistress Allott, who indeed already had her eyes upon her. She seemed angry thereat, and since she could not say what was in her mind said:

"What a dickens, Felicia, moved you to tawder yourself out in that new Hanoverian apron over your old Jacobite filemot paduasoy?"

Said Mistress Allott, without heat, "If you had told me last Sunday that you disliked of it, sister Ann, I would not have worn it again to-day."

"Sure last Sunday it may have become you well enough, sister Felicia, but to-day it looks as vile on you as the Electoral face on an English guinea."

So saying Mistress Ann laughed, and therewith her ill-humor was suddenly dispersed. She took a comforting pinch of snuff, turned to Roland and said:

"Come, Roland, tell us about your mother's harp-playing. What are her favorite tunes? 'The King shall enjoy his own again' and 'Love me little, love me long'?"

"You are a right good guesser, madam," said Roland; "those are some of her chiefest favorites. And she plays the harp too, though I don't think I have said so."

Thus he was encouraged to give them some account of his daily life both indoors and out, which he did with a summary completeness except that he never mentioned Alfa. After the ladies had left him for the night Mistress Allott went into her sister's room to make sure that her fire burnt well on the hearth. She took the opportunity to say:

"Well, are you convinced now?"

"By what, pray?" said Mistress Ann.

"Say, by Mistress Press."

"No, faith; there are presses and press-gangs in plenty, but I won't be pressed into anything against my good-will."

CHAPTER XXII.

CROSS-PURPOSES.

It was necessary for Mistress Alliot to rise early in order to prepare Roland's breakfast, but she had understood that her sister's very friendly parting with Roland the night before was final. When therefore Mistress Ann appeared, not in apron and scanty worsted gown, her morning dishabille, but dressed with unusual care, and demanded her share of the meal, she was handsomely scolded for her matutinal imprudence.

"I got up," she answered, "to see what o' the clock it was."

"You could have lain," said her sister, "and listened for the hall clock."

"And to see what weather it was."

"Of which you can see nothing. The only sensible part of your behavior is that you have put your warm ratteen gown on. But are you sure 'tis well aired?"

"It has been in front of my fire all night."

"Then this folly of yours is not a whim but a plot?"

"A veritable papistical Gunpowder Treason, you may be sure on't."

Breakfast was eaten; during which only Mistress Ann talked with a semblance of liveliness. In exchange for Fortuna's note Mistress Alliot gave Roland guineas in a purse worked by herself. Elijah had fetched away his horse. There remained nothing but to rise, say good-bye and go. Mistress Ann took three pinches of snuff without a break. With some hesitation and much awkward diffidence Roland took Alfa's necklet from his pocket and laid it on the table. The ladies' eyes

fastened on it, but they waited for him to speak.

"'Twas given me by a Gipsy girl," he said.

"And what are you doing with a Gipsy's token?" quoth Mistress Ann.

"Nay, madam, 'tis no token." He did not refuse her look for look; he thought her quite ugly with that slovenly scattering of snuff on her upper lip; and gathering color and courage he gave a spoken answer to her unspoken question. "Or may-be I should not part with it." Quickly the color cooled from his cheek as he added more deliberately, "But truly nothing was ever less a token."

"I am curious to know it by its right title," said she.

"'Tis—I should say 'tis rightly an alms."

"But these coins would seem to be golden," said Mistress Alliot, "a remarkable gift from such as her to such as you."

"Yes, madam, and far too costly for my acceptance either as a gift or loan. I was about to say that if you would out of your great kindness take charge of it until——"

He stopped; with projected gaze he searched the waste waters of futurity for a dry footing to his hopes.

"Until?"

"I was going to say, 'Until I come back,' but that may be long and she may be in need of it. Yet I mayn't ask you to take any further trouble with it."

"Who is this Gipsy girl that gives such alms?"

He told them briefly what he knew of Alfa, with reservations of course. The heart that does not hide has nothing to hide. For instance he did not mention her youthful offer of marriage nor yet in what manner she had concealed him from his pursuers. Mistress Alliot took the stringed coins in her hand and examined them, coins

full-weighted and clean-stamped every one of them. One showed in undebased gold the as yet undegraded features of our eighth Henry, another the likeness of his imperial rival, a third that of some ephemeral Caesar, a fourth the German profile of the late George; others bore outlandish character, unknown effigies.

Said Mistress Ann, "The fair Bohemians appear even more than their civilized sisters to bring all their havings to the front. I suppose the Gipsy gentleman who weds this Gipsy lady will be considered to have made a rich match of it."

"No," said Roland; and straightway amended it with an emphatic "Yes."

"No, yes?" said Mistress Ann. "What may that mean and not mean?"

"Folks say her father was a sort of king among 'em years bygone, but he had misfortunes, got into debt and lost his position. Now he has been took and pressed for a soldier."

"So much for the no."

Roland felt challenged to speak up for the yes.

"She's a brave honest generous pure girl. I should think that's something better than a few more coins."

Said Mistress Ann with the promptitude of a consecutive remark, "I don't quite understand how your Gipsy so completely hid you from the constables in that small tent."

"There was some bedding on the floor; I lay down on it and she covered me up."

"But surely they would notice such a heap and demand to see into it?"

Roland knew he was being cornered, but that only angered him into a more stubborn resolution.

"She lay down too, as though she was sick."

"And they took two for one? There must have been mighty close approximation."

Roland flushed and flashed.

"I could feel her heart beat."

"A very pretty proof."

"Enough, Ann," said Mistress Allott. Her eyes, hazel or greeny-brown, were humid though her eye-lashes were dry. She put the necklet into her pocket as though to hide controversy away. "If you will tell me where and how I can find Alfa, I will contrive that 'tis safely returned to her."

"You are strangely kind, madam," said he.

"I am strangely tempted to be kind, son."

Then the lashes too were wetted from the eyes, discreetly, undemonstratively.

"'Tis hard to tell of their whereabouts, they are a wandering people; but for the last two or three years they have never been long away from some part or other of the forest and its neighborhood."

"Especially that part," said Mistress Ann, "contiguous to Mr. Roland Surety's abode?"

"They are often our way."

"I'll warrant you. And that—what do you call her? Alfie or Betty?—you'd wed that black huzzy?"

In truth such a thought had only taken the shape of a dream within him as she snapped and questioned. He answered with a flush and a frown:

"I'll wed no huzzy, madam, black or white."

"So you have given her promotion already in your heart."

He hardly heeded; what was occupying him just then was the bright beckoning vision of Alfa backed by the sombre promise of the future.

"But may-be I shall never come back," he said.

"You know you're bent on coming back," said she.

"And if I did——"

"Did I not say?"

"She would not receive me. Her

last words were to bid me never see her again."

"Hut-tut! A weighty confirmation!"

It was to Roland like a peep of sun let in on a gloomy landscape.

"Think you she didn't mean it?" he asked.

But Mistress Ann turned away; she perceived that her gibes were but stinging his hopes into activity. Mistress Allott checked his further questioning.

"'Tis nigh on daybreak," she said.

"Son, 'tis high time you was on your way."

She had insisted on adding to his equipment riding-boots, great-coat and shammy gloves which had belonged to her late husband. It was but putting them on and he was ready. Heart-full he stammered thanks. Mistress Ann, who had cooled back into kindness, put into his hands a double-barrelled pistol, silver-mounted and of fine workmanship, together with a pouch full of powder and shot, and just said:

"It is ready loaded."

"I'm ashamed, ladies," he said, "to be so short of my manners. I've no proper answer to make to your exceeding kindness."

"There's no call, son," said Mistress Allott, "either for shame or words."

"It will be very unsafe for you to correspond direct with your mother," said Mistress Ann, "but whatever you consign for her to my care I will see that it goes to her hand."

Tears were in Roland's eyes.

"I take it very kindly of you," he said.

"But Roland Surety will be a perilous subscription; you had better put your letters over the signature of—say Robert Simpson."

Roland attempted to express the depth of his gratitude by the lowness of his bow, and would have kissed Mistress Ann's hand.

"Nay," said she, "you did not part

from your Gipsy so ceremoniously, I'll be bound for't."

Roland blushed.

"There was a greater distance 'tween us, madam," he said, "than there is 'tween you and me."

"But kinder looks to bridge that distance. Come, child, and fear not." She offered him her cheek. "'Tis the tongue that is dangerous at my age, not the cheek; and I swear my tongue to keep the peace for the next twelve-month."

He kissed her cheek and likewise Mistress Allott's. The elder lady went first to see that the way was clear. Mistress Ann took his hand and guided him down-stairs without a candle. It was still quite dark in the house, but from somewhere in the rear came the deadened sound of serving-men's voices and one of the maids in the kitchen was singing "Phyllida flouts me"; to which the stable-boy in the yard was whistling accompaniment. The door was already unbolted; Mistress Allott opened it quietly and let him out without another word. They heard the crackle of the rimy herbage as he walked stealthily across the lawn, heard the clink of the gate as he let himself through, heard the muffled sound of his first few steps, then heard nothing but Jack still whistling and Fan singing conclusively—

Since 'twil no better be,

I'll bear it patiently.

Yet all the world may see,

Phyllida flouts me.

Mistress Allott went up to his chamber and locked the door; then betook herself to the servants' quarters and was immediately thick in her household duties. A minute later Mistress Ann, who did not visit the still-room once in a twelvemonth, found her there inspecting a jar of syrup of clove-gillyflowers and put a five-pound-note into her hand, saying:

"Miss Molly's vales to the servants."

"This is too much, Nan," said Mistress Allott.

"'Tis too late to tell her that. I believe she wanted them to have something handsomer to wag their tongues about than her sudden departure. They need not know before night. But what about Mr. Roland? Are you satisfied?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I know you are dissatisfied."

"I have not expressed my dissatisfaction."

"Then I take you to task for your slowness of expression."

"But I really han't—"

"For my part I don't wrap it up. I'm vexed to the blood by that strayed young man's infatuation for the Gipsy. Otherwise I would have ridden with him as far as Hathersage. He could have taken a bed there."

"With his mother's kindred?"

"They have no reason to be ashamed of him."

"Indeed you owe them a visit; but he will travel faster alone."

"One disadvantage; against which I set a thousand advantages in our cousin's advice and help."

"Doubtless—if—but—"

"There's no time for balancing ifs and buts."

"'Tis too late to overtake him, and at the same time too early an hour for your health."

"Oh, I shall gain a mile or two by going the nearer way through Asher."

"But you must not dream of starting before the sun has warmed the air a little."

"My back is quite well again. Your tar-water has worked wonders. For that matter I shall only be going up to meet the sun instead of waiting for it down here. And you know 'twill be vastly less humid on the moor than here in the valley."

Mistress Ann thereupon left the

room, before her sister could enforce her old objection or advance a new one. Probably Mistress Allott thought there was no need of haste in doing either; a lady's travelling preparations even for a short half-day's ride are usually the business of hours rather than minutes. Pondering remonstrances the while she proceeded to decant a portion of the syrup into a jug, tied the cover on the jar again and put it back into its place; selected a pot of quince marmalade and took it to the cook in the kitchen; a deliberate five minutes' work. But as she came out into the hall ripe for dissuasion, Mistress Ann descended the stairs booted, hooded, furred; her joseph or riding-habit buttoned down to the hem of the skirt. If it had all been done impromptu it was a feat of quick-change dressing worthy of record. Behind her, carrying her muff, gloves and black velvet loo-mask, waddled Thomasin her chamber-woman, who being but young-old and pursy was puffing-red with the haste she had made. Mistress Allott perceived that early as it was by the clock it was too late in the day for dissuasion.

"I fear, sister Ann," she said, "that this hurry has over-heated you for a journey. I wish you had allowed me to assist you."

"Sister Felicia," said Mistress Ann, "you are extreme good. I will trouble you to tie my mask on for me. Thomasin has but just breath left to get her safe to the next chair."

"Ma'am," said Thomasin, "I've breah enoo—for to do—all a waiting-woman's duties."

"But none for prating of 'em, Thomasin."

Mistress Allott took the loo-mask but did not tie.

"'Tis but a small protection against the morning air," she said. At which moment they heard the tramp of horses coming round to the front. "Why did

you not tell me last night that you was bent on going?"

"I was waiting to see how the tar-water acted," said Mistress Ann. "Besides I knew you'd be as violent prophetic against it as Jeremiah and Ezekiel in one."

Thomasin opened the door to the pale rimy morning. Dimly through the fog appeared two grooms, one on a stout brown with a pillion, the other on a lighter hack bearing saddle-bags crammed with a lady's necessities. Mistress Ann addressed the latter.

"Thomas, you are to ride for Hather-sage as fast as you can without distressing Pip. You will presently overtake a young gentleman on Robin. Stop him and say that I am coming up behind and beg the favor of his company and protection as far as our roads run together. Ride on at once; Thomasin must help me up. Thomasin!"

William Drew had brought the double horse to the mounting block; but Thomasin was so deep in trying to connect the young gentleman on Robin with Miss Molly's misfortune, that she did not hear her mistress. Mistress Allott meanwhile had taken the muff of feathers and lace from the waiting-woman and gone off with it and the loo-mask. She now returned bearing a whole mask and a huge bear-skin muff, which she compelled Mistress Ann to take in exchange for the smaller and more fashionable articles. She herself slung the one about her sister's neck and tied the other round her waist. Then the sisters tenderly kissed and spoke their formal farewells.

"I trust you will arrive safely, sister, before nightfall."

"Thank you kindly, sister. I shall not be absent from you more than two nights."

"Make my loving compliments to our cousins. Tell little Lettice I have a

baby for her, which I will send at the first opportunity."

"I will not fail."

"And be sure to give the chamber-maid half-a-crown and whisper her to put the fire in your chamber betimes and to have the sheets well aired."

Then Thomasin at the second bidding came forward and helped her mistress to mount.

The fog, though not thick, was sufficient to defeat the spiritless light of the yet unrisen sun. Even near things seemed to stand off and wear an air of unreality, like phantoms afraid of the approach of day. The cliff by which they rode towered above them, unmaterialized, topless, like an austere dream impending an awakening. But soon turning therefrom they forded the little river and passed by Ashover, of which the very houses, every stone of them, seemed to be fancy-built, presently to dissolve and disappear. They saw the semblance of but one man, and he having come barely out of nothingness went back into it like an inhabitant of sleep-land. But as they ascended the valley towards Kelstedge, the fog thinned about them and the light took more and more of the color of day. A thick hoar-frost covered the grass along the margin of the stream so that only a delicate green tinge showed through. It clad the leafless trees with a white foliage, rendering clearly distinguishable the simple arrangement of the polled willows, the fineness of the birch, the closeness of the thorn, the graceful intricacy of the beech, the knotted twists of the oak and the ash-tree with its boughs upbent like the branches of a huge candelabrum.

At Kelstedge they turned into the Chesterfield road and soon rose out of the valley to the high level of the moor. The sun came forth, at first pale and undefined, then red and round. There was a peevish sort of breeze hissing thinly among the heather. Though

not strong it had a sidling way of biting or rather pecking, which made Miss Ann put on her mask and William turn up the collar of his wrap-rascal. Right and left there was nothing but heather, its gray gloom only qualified by the whiteness of the hoar-frost, which however did not lie as thick as in the valley. Mistress Ann was ever looking anxiously ahead but saw nothing either of Thomas or Roland, not even after she had passed the highest point of the road by Spitewinter and begun to descend. On her right was the green vale of the Rother still veiled in mist, and beyond that the woods of Wingerworth dimly visible; and there or thereabouts, if she could have seen him, was Roland.

He had found Elijah by the moor side, had received from him the horse and its well-stuffed saddle-bags and had been seen by him on to the Chesterfield road. But he went wrong half a mile past Kelstedge and did not discover his mistake until, as we have said, he was near Wingerworth, a village three miles from Chesterfield. He stopped a rustic by the park side and asked to be put right for the Manchester road. The breeze there was a mere shiver in the air, but the rime fell ceaselessly from the trees with a sharp thin rustle. From the bumpkin, who probably meant to send him by Rowsley and Buxton, he received such an intricacy of direction, such a medley of straight-forwards, right and left, that in an hour's time he found himself looking down again on Ashover from Far Hill.

Thomas, unintelligently obedient to command, rode on to Hathersage. Mistress Ann followed with an ever-increasing anxiety, and passing through Holymoorside and Watchell gained the Chesterfield and Manchester highway; but at the cross-roads, a mile further on, she bade William turn back.

Said William still jogging on,

"Ma'am, we'd better let t' young gentleman goo his own gate and mak haste to Hathersage whilst we may. If I know oat it'll non be daylight in t' dale two hours after noon."

"I stand responsible for the daylight, William. Do you as I bid."

"We're nayther on's feather-weights, ma'am. I dunna considy Linnet up to more nor twenty mile o' roads like thisn."

"Being I'm responsible for the day, William, 'twill be but a small addition to be responsible for Linnet also."

"Quallity taks a dale on theirsens. If mony on 'em gets accepted above, Lord A'mighty mun hae a shackling time on't."

"Turn again at once."

"Madam said we was to rive safe afore neet."

"When I speak, William, you must hear nobody else in the world."

"Then, ma'am, being so light o' hearing it'll behoove me to keep my ears bullded up."

"Turn, William."

So at last he turned with a very ill grace, saying:

"Yo unnerstan', ma'am, I dunna advise it?"

"Perfectly. Now ply your heel and rest your tongue with whatever faculty is at the back of it."

They returned, inquiring by the way and hearing no news of Roland though some of Thomas, especially at Holymoorside where the groom had stopped at the inn for a can. The landlady was quite sure that nothing either on two legs or four had passed that day without her knowing; which opinion the landlord backed with his oath. Mistress Ann gave the landlady Roland's description, and leaving her to use her keen eyesight upon it bade William push on towards Chesterfield. He did so with surprising cheerfulness, saying:

"Mebbe I ought to say, 'Stop here,

ma'am, and bait t' poor mare.' But there's better inns at Chesterfield, lass. That'll mak amends."

But his hopes of pot and pipe and a snug seat in the ingle nook of a Chesterfield inn were woefully disappointed, when his mistress losing hope of meeting Roland in that direction again ordered him to turn back.

Still keeping his mortified countenance eastward, "We're not above a mlie from Chesterfield," quoth he, "and 'tis a danged dree sixteen to Hathersage."

"Cease making a show of your geographical learning and turn back, William," said his mistress.

"Ma'am, I wish yo'd tak t' poor mare's opinion on't."

"I might, if I were not already surfeited with poor William's poor opinions. For the second if not the third time, William, I bid you turn."

The tone of her bidding warned William that it would not be prudent to prolong his disobedience; but as he pulled the mare's head round he muttered:

"If I'd knowed we was goeing a-hunting young gentlemen by scent, I'd a gone and borrowed two or three leash o' hounds for to bring wi' uz."

They returned to the inn at Holy-moorside and baited there. But while William was realizing his dream of pot and pipe, warm ingle and cold beef, Roland rode by and to his surprise was stopped in the name of Mistress Ann Chance. She came out to him and briefly explained.

"We have cousins at Hathersage, and as I owe them a visit it occurred to us that I should do well with your permission to avall myself of your protection thither." After even so short an experience of that region Roland was right glad to have her friendly company and guidance. He declined her offer of refreshment. "Then we will mount at once and hasten on whilst we can

see. We are not afraid of highway-men in our poor country, but I do not at all relish the being benighted on these moors."

William's repast was cut short, to his increasing ill-humor. They set off again, and striving to make up for lost time hastened on as fast as the nature of the ground permitted. Still as they travelled westward beyond the cross-roads the country became wilder and more desolate. The grass-grown track they followed was hardly separable from the swampy moor, which extended to the horizon on every side a thousand feet above the sea; an expanse of one dusky tone in which were merged the wintry differences of gray and brown and green, of heather, bracken and rank grass or rush. Roland rode by Mistress Ann's side, and was as usual a very good listener to her abundant talk.

At last the road which for mile after mile had been at one level dipped a little and a valley began to open out before them backed by dim dark hills. Over these the sun hung like a red-hot coal, but they were untouched by the rosy influence which suffused the surrounding air. Perhaps Mistress Ann did not see; she was at the time making merry over a funny peculiarity of the Duke of Devonshire's in the nicknaming of his daughters. William pulled his off rein and turned from the descending road to slightly rising ground, along which may-be there ran some rough kind of a track, may-be not. Presently Mistress Ann left talking of Chatsworth and said:

"I cannot at all make our situation out."

William said nothing, Roland had nothing to say. They were then riding along an almost level stretch of fine turf. On their right was the moor bounded a mile away by an abrupt upswelling of the ground, on their left a boulder-strewn ridge, the brink of the

valley that they had just had a glimpse of.

"I should have thought," she said again, "that we ought by now to be going down. And what are these rocks?"

William only rode the faster. There being still no reply she put the straight question:

"Where are we, William?"

"I thou't yo knowed, ma'am," answered William.

"If I did, why should I ask?"

"Oh, just for to see if I knowed, ma'am."

"That being so, still why don't you answer?"

"Becos, ma'am, I know yo know I know."

"Where are we?"

"Atop o' Curbar Edge, ma'am; if you dunna know."

"Curbar Edge? And why not descending into Curbar?"

"I knowed it ud be a sight lighter up here nor down in t' dale; so I'm framing to get on to t' Sheffield road by Fox House."

"Tis a vile horrid road. You ought not to have varied the direction without consulting me."

"I knowed, ma'am, yo'd be again it."

"Then your folly was insolence. Take us down into the dale by the nearest road."

"That'll be straight ower t' edge."

"The nearest practicable road, if you please."

"That'll be by Froggatt of coorse; but I dunna know—"

"Take us then by Froggatt, and cease prating."

William did his mistress's bidding sulkily, silently. Still on their right was the moor, and close by on their left the precipice rudely bordered with huge boulders and fragments of rock; as though demigods of yore had thrown down into line the materials for a parapet and then tired of the work. The valley bottom was covered with mist,

out of which came the roar of an unseen river, and above which darkly uprose the opposite heights, not easily separable from the narrow band of cloud that lined that horizon. Clear of the cloud hung the rose-red sun, still lord of the sky. Roland seemed to be looking that way, which made Mistress Ann say to him:

"Can you see Eyam church steeple? I can. That hill opposite with the black shadow on it like a mourning cloak is Eyam moor."

She rose out of her anger and began to take an interest in naming the different landmarks, especially the heights that overlooked Hathersage, Higgarr Tor, Stanage Edge and Bamford moor. Roland thought to himself:

"Tis my mother's country; and mine."

Higher up the valley and apparently closing it in was a dim cone, to which Mistress Ann gave the name of Win Hill.

"Tis a good successful name," said Roland, and approved of the omen.

"You shall see it nearer to-morrow," said Mistress Ann.

They had yet a descending mile of rough riding, then with a sharp leftward turn they began to pass under the precipice whose brink they have been skirting. It was but a narrow track between a ravine, whose depth was hidden in mist, and a boulder-strewn steep which as the road descended reared itself ever higher until its stony jagged brow took a cliff-like perpendicularity, fantastically battlemented like some gigantic architectural nightmare.

"Oh lud, William!" exclaimed Mistress Ann, "don't go so near the edge."

"I mun goo where t' road takes me, ma'am," said William; "sin this is the road yo've chose."

The sun touched the cloud, dipped a little into it, seemed nowise lessened, suddenly was a quarter, was half gone. It glowed, half in, half out; was sub-

merged but glowed through for a minute like an expiring fire, then disappeared. The road became steeper; the mare slipped in treading on a loose stone.

"Oh, do take care, William," said Mistress Ann.

"I conna tak more nor I con," answered William.

As they descended the fog thickened.

"It grows fearfully dark," said Mistress Ann.

"What did I tell ye, ma'am?"

"Where are we now, William?"

"I conna say. I knowed summat when I were on top in t' leet."

Soon a dim light or two, a dog's bark, a child's cry showed that they were passing through a small village.

"Are we to goo on to Curbar, ma'am?" asked William.

"Why to Curbar?"

"'Twill be nobbut another two mile out o' t' road."

"I think we have gone far enough out already."

"Glad yo're satisfed, ma'am. I nobbut wanted to mak sure on't."

They went at a foot's pace through the solid dark, and by good luck happened right on Froggatt bridge. As they crossed it they saw up on the highway, two furlongs in front of them, the flicker of many lights which seemed to betoken the rapid passage of a numerous cavalcade. William and Roland holloed but without drawing their attention. They would have holloed louder if they had known that it was a search-party from Hathersage on the look-out for them. The meeting was just missed through William leaving the proper road by Curbar.

"Anyhow," said Mistress Ann, putting a color of cheerfulness on her words, "we shall now have the voice of the Derwent for company."

Said William, "I'd sooner hae t' voice o' John Howe t' butler."

He would have had his mistress

stop for the night at Stoke Hall.

"What," she said, "and lie in a Hanoverian bed? Fie, William! 'Twould be worse than damp sheets; 'twould give me the rheumatism in my principles as well as my back."

"I'm sorry, ma'am, as yo're so weakly I' both them two plazen."

At Grindleford the fire-lit window of a little mug-house looked cheerfully out on the dark, and the merry squeak of a bagpipe was heard within. William came to a stand.

"Move on," said his mistress.

"A good fire," quoth he, "good ale, good fellowship—"

"And bad everything else."

"I'd be content wi' worse, ma'am."

"You have worse; be content. After all 'tis but three miles."

"I' them three mile we shall goo wrong."

"You talk like a Jeremiah, William."

"No, ma'am, I talk like a person o' sense."

A little further on, "Take your hat off, child," said Mistress Ann.

Roland did so, but asked the reason for it.

"We are passing the spot sacred to our martyrs of Padley."

"Dunna talk on 'em, ma'am," said William, "when we may all on 's be martyrs afore another minute."

"You are one already, William," said Mistress Ann; "so that's past praying for."

Then she told the story of the Padley martyrs.

Whether a Jeremiah or no, William was a true prophet as well as a martyr. A quarter of an hour later he said in a told-you-so tone:

"We've missed of Hazleford brig, ma'am; and we've lost t' Darrent."¹

"Then turn back, William."

"I dunna know enoo to know which is back."

"Then keep on."

¹ Derwent.

After a while they met a man carrying a lantern, who told them they were at Offerton. William proposed that they should put themselves upon the ready hospitality of Mistress Ann's brother-in-law, Squire Eyre of Highlow, which was only a mile away and on the same safe side of the river.

"No," said Mistress Ann, "they are expecting us at Hathersage."

The man guided them to the ford and

held the light while the pillioned horse waded across; then in answer to Roland's offer of payment said, "Yo're varry welcoom. Good-neet," and in a second or two was out of sight, light and all.

"One o' them wild savage Peakkrills, I'll tak my oath on't," said William. "There's summat mortal wrong at bottom if a mon wunna tak money when 'tis offered."

(To be continued.)

THE GROVES OF ACADEME.

English people, like the birds, become vocal in May. Of a child one was brought to London for the "May Meetings," and, on the way to the Tower by 'bus, saw the Strand crowded with solemn figures inquiring into each other's bodily and spiritual health. Exeter Hall itself is now converted—converted into an hotel; the "bird parliaments"—if one may continue the comparison—now congregate in Caxton Hall, Essex Hall, and other places; but the multitude of voices seems no less copious than before, and still they enliven the May with their sweet jargon. The Halls resound, and equally resounding are the great city's groves and lawns. From Hampstead Heath to Clapham Common, from Wormwood Scrubbs to Hackney Marshes, the woodlands ring. I suppose there is hardly a human thought, emotion, or interest that does not here find its utterance. To those shadowy haunts, birds of all feathers flock, but they do not necessarily agree in their little nests.

In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, and in London people take full advantage of their opportunities to be wise. Stand at any point upon the permitted spaces, begin flinging out your message to empty air, and, sud-

denly, an audience, invisible before, will gather round, like gulls when you cast bread upon the water. If the weather is fine, I have known only one man who has never collected more than a single listener. Sunday after Sunday, he stands on a mound near a public-house, shouting the Bible straight through without selection and without comment—not a bad thing to do, one would have thought. But no one ever listens, except myself. Round all the rest, listeners are sure to hover, though shyly at first, and with a detached and scornful air, until the crowd is large. Partly, it is the joy of oratory that draws them round: they like seeing a thing well done, just as they stand to watch navvies breaking up a street or laying new asphalt. Partly, they feel the spectator's joy in a contest, like the pleasure of watching a football match or a bull-fight. But there are other motives, too.

Outside the park gates, the Camden Union Branch band was discoursing "Nancy Lee" to a generation that knew her not, but took her for something out of an oratorio, because it was Sunday. Inside, the working man lay stretched full-length, as his habit is, while children gambolled on the green. Earth, sky, and trees were doing their

best to restore the age of gold, and to obliterate from man's mind his long hopes and unanswered questionings, in that brief interval of bodily content and rest from toil. The landscape was set for idyllic peace; but on a gravel space in the midst of trees and grass, five or six crowds of people were already gathered, jostling each other, jammed together, pushing and struggling for good places, sweating in their eagerness to hear, to applaud, to dispute, to take some part at least in spiritual things and political interests that had no concern with the body's comfort. Here they swarmed round a tailor on strike; there round a bare-footed giant incoherently advocating the abolition of tailoring as a whole. Here round a Socialist, denouncing the capitalist and the anarchist as equal foes to a well-regulated society; there, round an anarchist denouncing the capitalist and the Socialist as much of a muchness in upholding the tyranny of State. Here a Suffragette was appealing for freedom with a devotion and disinterestedness that would ruin any political career; there a male "Anti" gloated over Mr. Walter Long's epoch-making discovery that men and women are not the same.

But, in the midst of them all stood a group whose outbursts of song drew the loiterers from the outskirts of the other crowds. Five or six men and five or six women were gathered around the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, which they had planted in the gravel. Clad in uniforms of navy blue, the men wearing helmets as though just starting for the Equator, they raised their war-song. "Tramp, tramp, tramp," they chorused in parts, the women wandering in shriller altitudes, the men booming a persistent bass of "Tramp, tramp, tramp," till at last they came together again in crashing unison, shouting the line, "In the front of the battle you will find me."

Round each decent hat and peaceful helm were emblazoned the words, "Pillars of Fire." "We are the Saviour's chosen few" they sang, and they counted only ten or eleven. "I have the victory! Praise God!" they cried aloud, like troops that see the enemy run. "Oh, glory, glory, glory!" they sang again:—

Oh, glory, glory, glory!

Oh, glory to the Lamb!

Hallelujah! I am saved!

And oh, how glad I am!

Rather spiritual than literary, they repeated those simple assurances till a state approaching transport was reached, much as I have seen Central Africans rise into transport under the throbbing of a hollow tree beaten by a rubber knob. Thereupon they leapt in the air and danced for joy, or with linked hands circled about the united flags in mazy reel. Leaping and shouting like the leper that was cured, they testified their satisfaction. All went at double-quick time, singing, dancing, speaking. "We believe in a lively salvation," they said. One by one they stood between the flags and poured out their joy in their salvation.

Some of their sayings were pointed with the sharpness of America. "O generation of snakes!"—I do not know why the "snakes" are a little more effective than the familiar "vipers." Some form of ritual or disbelief became "a greased board to slide sinners into hell," and of baptism we were told that "a man may go in a dry sinner and only come out a wet sinner." But doctrine was not their strength, and at their meeting even the argumentative Briton attempted no discussion. Ecstasy was their strength, and the British public, being unaccustomed to ecstasy, regarded them sullenly or with indulgent smiles, reassuring themselves now and then with the remark, "They don't do it for money." In the Bible, whose texts are taken at all these re-

ligious meetings as final in authority, they could find many examples of worthies who danced before the Lord. In modern philosophy, Nietzsche—not an exuberantly happy person himself—urged his disciples to dance to the height of ecstasy. So, till lately, I am told, the "Pillars of Fire" danced through the park and far down the glade of Camden Town. But the Home Office has no fellow-feeling with ecstasy; the police do not like such goings-on; and now the Pillars flicker in a restricted space.

Full in front of all who pass the marble entrance of another great park, stands the large red banner of Humanitarian Deism. In white letters it announces the approaching conversion of "all Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, Atheists, and other misbelievers and sinners" to the one true faith of the Humanitarian Deists, who are "the only wise lovers of mankind, considerate masters of animals, and grateful disciples of the only true God, the infinite Governor of Nature." On another banner are inscribed "the Twelve Commandments of Perfection," containing precepts that most people try to follow already, though without success. The Humanitarian Deist does not confine his efforts to Sunday. One may discover him there almost any day of the week. Indeed, he wants all the time he can get, for he has a large task before him.

And every day, but especially on Sundays, he is much impeded by the Christians, Atheists, misbelievers, and sinners who stand thick around him, all proclaiming very similar truths to his. Here shouts an Ethiopian with a yellow tie, expounding a legal definition of Christianity on which one could stand firm as on a statue. Here the Church Army proclaims victory over death; the West London Christian Evidence Society confirms the Bible; an enthusiast in semi-clerical costume de-

nounces the Jesuits; a strange old figure, with fury in his mien, threatens the Bishop of London alike for his unapostolic income and his concessions to an evolution that traces man's descent to frogs, fish, and periwinkles such as you draw out with a pin; and here a shrewd woman informs the crowd she is out to abolish all Gods and other superstitions, in the interest of the workers. A little further away one hears the Suffragette, the champion of Ulster, the Temperance man, and the enemy of ecclesiastical endowments. And still the Humanitarian Deist does not despair of converting all mankind.

Round almost every speaker subordinate clusters or groups are formed, like planets thrown off from a central sun, and in the midst of each group two men argue with the heat of desperate conviction. It is not strange they argue, for their chosen subjects have supplied the argument of nearly two thousand years. The disputants are involved in lasting perplexities: Why should a good and all-powerful God allow the suffering that all the audience knows? Does the promise that Christ would draw all flesh unto Him imply that all will be saved? Was the Crucifixion or atonement for the world or only for Adam's sin? Can the converted Christian fall from grace? Are the Elect saved in spite of themselves, no matter what they do? What was the Word that was in the beginning? Such questions are argued with astonishing knowledge, not indeed of the Bible, but of Biblical texts. Each isolated quotation enters the field as a new force, and the man who can marshal the greatest number of texts upon his side claims the victory, though his opponent will always die rather than surrender. You may hear two men after the day's labor argue till the summer night is black, over the difference between a coincidence and an accident, and neither yield an inch in his inter-

pretation of determinism, pre-destination, and God. More unusual was a discussion last Sunday upon the difference between Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning, that waxed so hot it was thought advisable to separate the disputants.

That beloved East End park where no rich man ever comes, but all may enter the kingdom of heaven as easily as camels pass through the city gate, has also its grove of Academe where the dialectic of wisdom may be practised. Here, also, a County Council, sedulous of progress, provides a shaded gravel space, with bandstand on one side, tea-room on another, and an architectural monument on the third. And here, also, passing from group to group, you may listen to the Suffragette of freedom, the Liberal of land reform, the supporter of the Church in Wales (how unexpected there!), the Socialist, the anti-Socialist, the Finalist (a new political force of uncertain number, but confident of victory), the Victoria Park Christian Evidence Association, confirming the Bible, and a Jew who undertakes to abolish all religion in twelve months, if only he can induce people to think clearly and recognize that the idea of God arises from a belief in ghosts, and ghosts from dreams, and dreams from undigested suppers. But just now the interest gathers round the Latter-Day Saints, who have here pitched their moving pulpit, boldly to proclaim the dispensation of the fulness of time. They long to discourse of Priesthood and the Apostolic Succession of Joseph Smith, but the swarming crowd will hear nothing of the Golden Book, nor even of the Bible now. What the crowd wants to hear is the statistics of wives in Utah. In vain the Latter-Day Saint calls God to witness that polygamy is no part of his teaching, and reads monogamous precepts from his book. It avails him nothing. Everyone knows a Mormon

has five, ten, fifteen, twenty wives. Or why stop there? asks the indignant East End, always careful of the sanctities of home.

Presently, up comes a blue banner, inscribed as belonging to the Protestant Alliance of Preachers. Within five yards of the Latter-Day Saint it is raised, and under it a bull of a man begins to bellow his horror of Mormon sin. Facing each other, at little more than spitting distance, the saint and the moralist yell denunciation and defiance. They are tried opponents, each worthy of the foe's voice, but the saint is the milder man, and outraged morality thickens in force around his enemy. Between them suddenly rises the Finalist, mildly expounding the one future hope of social amelioration. But over his peaceful head the battle rages on, regardless of his hope; and so it continues unabated till five o'clock strikes from the tea-room, and in the band-stand the Victoria Park Sunday Band, dressed in decent uniform, with epaulettes of chain armor to avert the sabre slashes of the enemy, gives out the opening notes of Schubert's "Rosamunde," and when the quick part comes, all the world begins to leap and dance with ecstasy. For in the East End we dance to anything, such is our capacity for joy.

It is not particularly well done. The crowds are like those sheep that had no shepherd. Sometimes one wishes that over our groves of Academe were inscribed the warning, "Let no one enter who is not a geometer." It is not particularly well done, but the eternal marvel is that it should be done at all. Nearly every one among these preachers, teachers, debaters, and disputants, works hard all day and all the week to buy food, warmth, and clothing. Nearly everyone among the crowding audiences does the same. Yet in the heart of all broods an incredible desire—a longing for knowl-

edge and for spiritual truth—that drives them out night after night, or Sunday after Sunday, to hear and teach, to discover what wisdom they can, or, having caught a glimpse of some aspect of wisdom themselves, to summon all around them to share in that joyful sight. What zeal for light, what enraptured self-denial and disre-

The Nation.

gard of comfort and the commonplace! "So many hundred sects, and only one sauce," sneered cultivated scorn, probably remembering a nauseous paste called "melted butter." It was true of England then, and it is generally true of us to-day. But the people who haunt our groves of Academe have not a sauce at all.

H. W. N.

THE ACTION OF WOMEN IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

A good deal has been written and said lately on the subject of women and politics, but little or no allusion has been made to the most important occasion on which they have exercised political power, and the object of this article is to enquire into the former position of women on that score in France, the arrangements which were made to increase their influence at the time of the Revolution, and the results of their action on public life. The authorities consulted have been chiefly Aulard and Taine, Acton and Morley. The valuable article written by the first of these in the *Revue Bleue* (March 19, 1898) is most interesting and informing.

As a matter of fact, the participation of women in the suffrage in France was not a new idea in 1788 when first referred to by Condorcet. Women possessing fiefs had votes in the provincial and municipal assemblies. In the 20th article of the royal mandate of January 24, 1789, it is said: "Women, including unmarried women and widows, and minors of noble birth, provided that the said women, unmarried women, widows, and minors possess fiefs, can be represented by representatives of noble birth." And the 12th article of the same mandate authorizes a similar representation for regular ecclesiastical communities of

both sexes, also for chapters and communities of unmarried women. Under these arrangements the deputies of the nobility and the clergy to the States-General owed their election partly to the votes of women. From this time onwards there were many pamphlets and petitions on this subject not, however, very radical or socialistic in their tendency. These have been mentioned by M. Chanin in his *Génie de la Révolution*, and by M. Amédée de la Faure in a small work called *Le Socialisme dans la Révolution*, both published in 1863.

It is perhaps difficult to write of the influence of women at this period without mentioning Marie Antoinette, who was a prominent factor in the great struggle, and whose personal charm and the perplexities of whose character have awakened as much contention and romance as those of Helen of Troy or Mary Stuart. Persons of our own day who are advanced in years have lived to see a great change of feeling in the sentiment with which she was regarded. They were brought up on what a great writer calls the "immortal vision of Edmund Burke," the tender and pathetic stories of Madam Campan, and the recollections of the old who had spoken to her amid the last glories of Versailles. They have lived to see that same great writer describe her conduct to the noble Turgot and

the virtuous Malesherbes, and to say that the character of the Queen had far more concern in the character of the first five years of the Revolution than had the character of Robespierre. Lord Acton, who on the whole takes a kindlier view of her character, says that the advice she gave in decisive moments was disastrous, that she had no belief in the rights of nations, and that she plotted war and destruction against her own people. That with many attractive qualities she had curiously false instincts as to character, and was absolutely unfitted for political power, are facts that, with our later knowledge, it is hardly possible to deny. In private life her beauty and charm and her warm affections might have led to a happier end; in politics her mistakes were ruinous to herself and disastrous to France.

Meantime the Revolution went on in the provinces much assisted by the women whether they had votes or not. In the four months which preceded the taking of the Bastille there were more than three hundred riots in France, in most of which the women took the lead.¹

At first it was principally a demand for corn. At Monthéry the women tore the sacks of corn open with their scissors. Efforts were made to guard the wheat going from one place to another, but in vain. Troops of men and women armed with guns and axes lay in ambush in the woods by the wayside and seized the horses attached to the grain-carts. At Viroflay thirty women with a supporting guard of men stopped all the vehicles on the high road supposed to be carrying corn. At La Seyne the populace assembled to the sound of the drum, the women brought a bier in front of the house of one of the principal citizens, telling him to prepare for death, and that they

would do him the honor of burying him. He managed to escape, but the chief of the band forced the inhabitants to give him money to indemnify the peasants who had left their work and employed their day for the public good.

On the 14th of July 1789 the Bastille was taken, the women of the better class, elegantly dressed,² looking on from the Place de la Bastille, those who assisted the mob to rush it showing their teeth and threatening with their fists.³ The news from Paris seems to have excited the provinces still more. At Troyes, on the 18th of July, the peasants refused to pay the octroi, which had been suppressed in Paris. On the 27th of August they invaded the Hôtel de Ville. M. Huez, the mayor, was an amiable and benevolent man. He was injured severely, and at length thrown down the great staircase. A priest who wished to offer him the consolations of religion was repulsed and beaten. A woman trod on his face and pushed her scissors into his eyes.

At Caen, Major de Belsance, in spite of a safe-conduct, was cut in small pieces; a woman ate his heart.⁴

On the 21st of July 1789, at Cherbourg, two highwaymen led the women of the faubourg, foreign sailors, the population of the port, and a number of soldiers, in the smocks of working men. They devastated the houses of the principal merchants. Everywhere there was the same instinct of destruction. At Nouay the master of the château and his son-in-law were seized, brutally massacred, and the village children carried their heads about to the sound of music. These events were isolated in the west, the centre, and the south, but Alsace, Franche-Comté,

¹ Taine, *Souvenirs Manuscrits de M. X. Temoin Oculaire*.

² *Recit du commandant des 32 Suisses*.

³ *Mercure de France*, September 26, 1789.

⁴ Taine, *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*, vol. i.

Burgundy, Mâconnais, Beaujolais, Auvergne, Viennois, Dauphiné, resembled a perpetually exploding mine.

So much for the provinces. The Palais Royal had been for some time in a state of excitement, and attempting to gain the soldiers over by the lowest means; money was distributed, it was said, by intriguing persons who got hold of the Duke of Orleans, whom they were draining of millions under pretext of gratifying his ambitions.

On the 5th of October the women of the Palais Royal had assembled the previous night in white with hair dressed and powdered, laughing, singing, and dancing; three or four were known by their names. Théroigne de Méricourt organized a band of women of bad character and marched, brandishing a sword. Madeleine or Louison Chabry, a pretty flower-girl, was selected to speak to the King. They were joined by washerwomen, beggars, and fishwomen, and the crowd went on increasing. The wives of respectable citizens were in many cases forced to join under threats of having their hair cut.

Their first object was the Hôtel de Ville, where they forced the guard, burnt papers and writings, and stole 200,000 francs in notes. At the Place de Grève the crowd augmented, Millard, who had helped to take the Bastille, offered to lead them, and seven or eight thousand women and some hundreds of men started for Versailles. They were admitted into the assembly, and insulted the President and the *députés*. The place of the former was taken by a woman.

At last the deputies went to the King and forced him to accept the Declaration of Rights, as set forth on the 4th of August. Meanwhile the women had succeeded in seducing the regiments, and gave way to unspeakable threats and brutalities, chiefly directed against the Queen. Lafayette

arrived with the National Guard in a doubtful state of loyalty, and followed by a mob of the worthless and violent. After watching over affairs all night, he snatched an hour's rest at 5 o'clock in the morning, which was the signal for an outbreak. A band of ruffians made their way into the palace. The guards were butchered, and some fled. The Queen was saved by the gallantry and courage of Mîomandre de Sainte-Marie, her sentry, who died at his post. A few hours after, the same crowd loudly applauded Lafayette, who appeared on the balcony with the Queen and kissed her hand. The royal family travelled to Paris at a foot's pace, surrounded by the victorious women, and took seven hours to reach the Tuileries.

I feel that I should perhaps apologize for writing about so much that is generally known; but I observe in modern accounts of the Revolution a great tendency to minimize the action of the women, and also to pass over deeds of violence and cruelty in the lightest way. It is quite true that they are unpleasant reading, but this generation requires to be reminded of the danger, the extraordinary contagion, and the unexpectedness of violence. Robespierre himself, not many years before he deluged France with blood, resigned his position as judge in the episcopal court at Arras in a fit of remorse after condemning a murderer to death.

After the above very decided political action in 1789, Condorcet took the cause of the women in hand, having previously done so in 1788. He published an article in the *Journal de la Société* of 1789, "Sur l'admission de la femme au droit de la cité," which is, says M. Aulard, not only a curious feminist manifesto but *the* feminist manifesto *par excellence*, the germ of the whole of the present feminist movement being found in his strong and well-reasoned pages. Condorcet ended

by saying: "The equality of rights established among men in our new constitution has caused eloquent declamation and endless jokes, but let anyone show me a natural difference between men and women on which the exclusion of a right can be founded."^a This desire of Condorcet was not gratified, though his manifesto was much discussed in the salons, in the clubs, and at the Cercle Social. This last, started at the Palais Royal by the Abbé Fauchet, a gentle and eloquent man, who dreamed of Christian Socialism, was founded on the lines of the Freemasons. Women were admitted to this society and crowded into it. But when the question of the Rights of Women was discussed the atmosphere was hostile. A month later a gentleman named Rousseau ventured to speak at the Cercle Social in favor of women. He was interrupted with violence. According to the *Orateur du Peuple*, a foreign lady remarkable for her distinguished appearance spoke, and asked that for the sake of French gallantry the speaker might go on. She was applauded, but the sitting was stopped. "Then," remarks the same newspaper, "the foreigner saw herself surrounded, caressed and thanked by nearly all the female citizens present." "You have been till now," she said, "the companions of men enervated by the sentiments of corrupt slaves. As Frenchmen have become like Romans, imitate the virtues and the patriotism of Roman ladies." This person was a Dutchwoman, named Etta Palm, by marriage Aelders. She seems to have converted the Cercle Social to feminism, since her speech was published and sent to various municipalities, among others to Crell. This town conferred on her the title of honorary member of the National Guard. The insignia were presented solemnly at a

^a Those who care to read the whole essay will find it in the Appendix to Critical Essays by John Morley, 1878.

meeting at the Cercle Social, with speeches suitable to the occasion. "The medal that you have awarded me shall be the sword of honor which shall repose on my coffin," said the recipient.

In 1792, at the fête of July, Olympe de Gouges appeared at the head of a female corps, most of them armed. In that year and in 1793 there were many women who enrolled themselves dressed as men in the French armies. Others assisted the men in their revolutionary work. On the 8th of June 1795 the most repulsive crime of the whole Revolution, the demoralization and torture of a child, came to its sad end. Louis XVII. died. M. Poumies de la Siboutie, in a recently published memoir, says: "The cobbler Simon was not a bad fellow, and but for his wife's influence would have treated the child kindly enough. The wife, however, was a cruel wretch, who had taken part with ghoulish enjoyment in all the sanguinary scenes of the Revolution. She lived on till 1840, and died in the Hospice des Incurables."

The greater part of the democrats at the head of affairs avoided pronouncing theoretically on the question of female suffrage. The clubs of women, as opposed to the clubs of men, were considered an unsocial and sterilizing system, and patriots with warm hearts and elevated ideas preferred what they considered the beautiful and fruitful proposal of the association of men and women. I speak of the fraternal societies of both sexes, which played so important a part in the detail of democratic and Republican Government.

One point M. Aulard brings out strongly, and to many persons it will be a novel one—that is, the way in which the Revolutionary Government clung to the idea of a Constitutional King. The beginnings of actual Republicanism were very small, and Camille Desmoulins till 1790 found no

echo. When the suspicion grew that Louis XVI. had betrayed France, and had a secret understanding with the expatriated nobles and with Austria, it was then, and then alone, that some persons began to believe that the only method of maintaining the Revolution was to suppress the monarchy.

In September 1790 a man of letters, afterwards at the time of the Convention a deputy for Paris, published a pamphlet entitled *Du Peuple et des Rois*, in which he said "I am a Republican, and I write against Kings. I am a Republican, and was one before my birth."

There were soon others of his opinion. In the issue of the 1st of October 1790 the *Mercure National* subscribes to the conclusions of this pamphlet. This paper, very little known, was of great importance, not only because it was well informed on matters of foreign politics, but because it was the organ of the Republican party at the very outset, and the organ also of the salon of a woman of letters in which the nucleus of this party was formed. I speak of Madame Robert, daughter of the Chevalier Guynement de Keralio, professor at the Military College, member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, and editor of the *Journal des Savants*. Following the example of her mother, who was an authoress, she published novels, historical works, and translations. She married François Robert at the age of thirty-three. He was an advocate, born at Liège, who had become French and very French, his talents perhaps but mediocre, but a loyal man and a frank, an ardent revolutionary,⁷ a member of the Jacobin Club and the Cordeliers Club, who later on represented the Department of Paris in the Convention.

A volume by him *Le Républicanisme adapté à la France* appeared in 1790, and met with widespread attention and

aided the formation of a Republican party.

Madame Roland, who had no love for Madame Robert and made fun of her dress, says in her Memoirs that she was "a little, spiritual (? witty) woman, intelligent and ingenious." A patriot in 1790, but a democrat patriot when so many others were content with the bourgeois system established in 1789, and a Republican patriot when Madame Roland was still supporting the monarchy, Madame Robert seems to have been the foundress of the Republican party, which had thus by December 1790 come into being. It was not recruited from the suburbs or the workshops, its origins were in no sense popular. The Republic men were beginning to preach was of middle-class, almost aristocratic origin, and the first Republicans were a handful of refined and well-educated people, a woman of letters, a noble Academician, an advocate, some adventurous pamphleteers; an elect group, but a group so small that they could almost sit on one sofa, that of Madame Robert.⁸

The societies of both sexes may be said to have started the Republican party in France, which was organized after the flight of the Royal family to Varennes. As long as these dual committees lasted in 1790 and 1791 the influence of women in the party appears to have been great, but it gradually sank into lower and worse hands, and the women wished to act alone.⁹

The Society of revolutionary and Republican women, founded July 1793, and presided over first by Citoyenne Rousand, then by Citoyenne Champion, was not well looked on by the Convention of the Jacobins. The Section of the Markets denounced to the Committee of Public Safety the eccentricity of some of these women, who, dressed as men, wearing trousers and the red cap

⁷ Miall's trans of Aulard.

⁸ *Revue Bleue*, March 19, 1898, Aulard.

⁹ Aulard, vol. 1.

of Liberty, walked on the 28th of October through the markets and under the slaughter-houses of the Innocents. They were accused of having insulted other women and of having endeavored to force them to adopt the same costume. There were quarrels and a gathering of 6000 women.

At the sitting of the Convention on the 30th of October a number of female citizens were admitted to the bar, who presented a petition in which they complained of women, ostensibly revolutionary, who wished to compel them to wear the red cap of Liberty. The President (Moise Bayle) observed: "The Convention can only applaud your request. The Committee of Public Safety is occupied with this subject. The Convention invites you to the honor of attending the sitting." Then Fabre d'Eglantine got up and complained bitterly of the revolutionary women, saying that the clubs were not composed of women leading family lives of wives and mothers, but of adventuresses, single women, and female grenadiers. He moved that no citizen was to be compelled to dress other than as he pleased. He promised that Amar should give them his report later. A woman turned back to beg that women might be prevented forming clubs, as a woman had ruined France.

Two days after, Amar told the Convention that the Committee of Public Safety had demanded whether women could exercise political rights, take an active part in the affairs of government, and deliberate in political associations, and the answer was in the negative. Then, treating the question of women exhaustively, Amar defended the political privileges of men, and proposed to forbid all the popular clubs and societies of women.

Chartier answered, urging the right of women to assemble peaceably. "Without asserting that women form no part of the human race," he said,

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"how can you deny them a right accorded to all reasonable beings?"

Basire objected for reasons of State, and stated that experience had proved that societies of women were dangerous.

The Convention voted the decree proposed by Amar on the 30th of October 1793. "The clubs of women were suppressed."

Such is a brief and incomplete sketch of the action of women in the French Revolution. From it the present writer ventures to draw the following conclusions:

(1) The little known Madame Robert, whose political insight appears to have been most correct, and, judged by subsequent events, to have produced the most lasting effect in France, was associated with no violence, had no vote, and, with the exception of the dual societies, took little part in political life. Yet M. Aulard, the man whose history of the Revolution is held in well-deserved honor, who has devoted a lifetime to the most painstaking and accurate study of his authorities, does not hesitate to credit her with having started the idea of France as a Republic.

(2) The women of the lowest class completely swamped the more educated ones. Madame Roland had enormous power at one time, but she and her party were cyphers at the date of the September massacres, and eventually she was guillotined.

(3) It is curious that the conduct of the women towards each other in 1793 was so bad that Amar and other Terrorists, whose ideas of liberty and humanity were not supposed to be very exalted, found it necessary to protect women from other women.

These conclusions at least merit serious thought. That they will obtain it is the hope with which this article is given to the public.

A. J. Grant Duff.

OUR LADY OF SUCCOR.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

During this period Adèle Moustier made occasional inquiries as to the progress of the wounded Vendean, deriving a small but satisfying glow at the heart from her kind action. When one or two of her associates reproached her with her interest in this enemy of the nation, the glow was fanned into a momentary flame. She saw herself the traditional noble and womanly figure tending an injured foe. Penetrating the future, she beheld herself seated by the side of the wounded man, soothing him, talking to him, reading to him—when he was well enough to be soothed, talked to, and read to. This, she gathered, would not be for some time. There was a day when the surgeon, meeting her by chance, told her ungenially that it would never be. She did not believe him; but as she sat before her glass that night, brushing out the thick fair hair which gave her so much pleasure, she thought a little of the Royalist and was sorry, though her principal feeling was annoyance that she should be asked to do ridiculous and impossible things in connection with him. However, the next day she had forgotten about him, and, as just at this time Lépine fils was being brought into great humiliation and subjection, it was with quite a little shock of surprise that she learnt, a few days later still, that the prisoner was out of danger.

And on that a sudden impulse seized Adèle. Having elicited from her informant, a woman of the village, that the Vendean was quite conscious, and that his wounded leg was not visible, she presented herself the same afternoon at the church door with a small covered basket on her arm. A Republican soldier with his arm in a sling

was smoking on the steps. He removed his pipe and stood aside for her to pass with a deferential air which made her pleasantly conscious of her errand of mercy. But when she questioned him as to the whereabouts of the captive, it was with visible surprise that he told her the brigand was in the *ci-devant* chapel of the *ci-devant* Virgin. Understanding this designation to apply to the chapel of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, Adèle slipped up the south aisle, endeavoring not to see any uncongenial sights. But there were not above a score of wounded remaining, and they were all in the nave, which, save for the presence of the dismantled high altar and the pillars, had the appearance of a rather ill-organized hospital.

The Vicomte de Beaumanoir was lying facing the entrance of the little side-chapel, and Adèle came upon him abruptly. Some charitable person had bestowed upon him a blanket and a coverlet, but his only pillow was a rolled-up military greatcoat, whose dark hue served admirably to enhance the drawn pallor of his features. He looked up full at Adèle, with bright and sunken eyes, but did not seem to know her. After a moment she went in and stood by him, and at that a look of recognition broke on his face.

"You have come . . . again!" he said, in a voice not much above a whisper.

"I am so sorry I have not come before," responded Adèle—and at the moment she spoke the truth. "I . . . could not."

"But you are here now!"

"I have brought you some soup," went on the girl in an embarrassed voice, the gratitude in his eyes at once pleasing and reproaching her. "I am afraid it has got rather cold."

But he could not feed himself, and so, after a little hesitation, she slipped an arm beneath his head and gave him the liquid spoonful by spoonful. "What a horrible pillow!" she remarked as she withdrew her arm. "Is that all you have had?"

"It did very well," said the young man in his faint voice.

"I will bring you another," said Adèle, putting the empty bowl into her basket. "I must go now; my father will be wanting me." (M. le Maire was out for some hours to come.) "I will come again to-morrow, if I can."

The Royalist said nothing, but his eyes followed her. She felt it, and went out of the church in great spirits.

Next day she brought the pillow in the best pillow-case she had. Was not her *protégé* a *ci-devant*? This time the young man's face lit up with a little smile as she appeared.

"Mademoiselle, you are too kind to a foe," he murmured, in a voice perceptibly stronger than that of yesterday. "Mon Dieu, that is good!" He shut his eyes as his head sank back on the cool linen, and Adèle bundled the rejected greatcoat into a corner.

Coming back, she sat down on the altar-steps and looked at him. How different he was from Lépine, from the blacksmith's nephew, even from the young notary at Doué! She wished that she knew who he was; and the simplest plan seemed to be to ask him.

"Would you mind telling me your name?" she said, for her a trifle timidly.

"Beaumanoir," said the young man without opening his eyes. "Charles de Beaumanoir—the Vicomte de Beaumanoir when titles were in fashion."

Adèle's heart gave a little skip. She had been sure of it.

"And now you will tell me yours, Mademoiselle, will you not?" went on the Vendean, opening his eyes and

smiling at her; and she told him. His gaze roamed from her to the Madonna above her.

"There is another name that I should like to know," he said. "What Virgin is that?"

"Oh, that's Our Lady of Succor!" responded Adèle carelessly. "Nobody pays much heed to her now, though she used to have a great many devotees once."

"I see—out of fashion!"

"Oh, more than that!" retorted Adèle. "Nobody of course believes in any *bonne Vierge* now—except the Blancs," she added hastily.

"And I am a Blanc," said Charles de Beaumanoir, smiling.

"I forgot," said Adèle, a little confused. And she started from her seat on the steps, for a man was standing in the entrance to the little chapel. It was the old surgeon.

If Adèle was startled, he was astonished. "So you have come at last, *citoyenne*," he said sardonically. "Well, since you are here, you can help me to dress this knee."

Adèle gave one shuddering look at the roll of fresh dressings which he pulled out of his pocket, and fled past him without a word.

"Never do I go near that chapel again!" she exclaimed, as she arrived, hot with anger and speed, at her father's door. Nevertheless, she woke next morning to a vague feeling of disappointment. She liked going to see her *ci-devant*, and it was a shame that she should be kept away. No doubt he would be expecting her. If she could only get a guarantee against further molestation she would yet go.

"Papa," she said in the course of the morning, "I think you might invite that M. Guillon to supper." And the Maire, a complacent parent, entirely unaware of his daughter's works of mercy, obeyed her suggestion. Adèle succeeding in seeing the old surgeon

alone for a moment as he was leaving.

"It is a pity, M. Guillon," she began in her best manner, "that you have prevented my going any more to see that poor young man. I think he . . . looked forward to my visits."

"Very probably," said the old man drily. "And how have I stopped them?"

"I have told you once," responded the girl, with heat, "that I cannot, that I will not, have anything to do with his wound!"

"I thought you had changed your mind, Citoyenne Adèle. I beg your pardon. It shall not be suggested again. Moreover, it does not much matter."

"And why not, pray?" asked Adèle. "Do you want him to die, after all?"

"He will not die of his wound, Mademoiselle," returned M. Guillon.

His tone was so significant that Adèle was frightened. "What on earth do you mean?" she cried.

The old man bent a rather enigmatical glance upon her. "You had not thought of it? Yet you know the law against returned *émigrés*—and he is an *émigré*."

Adèle slowly changed color. "You mean that he will—that he will—"

"That he will be shot—when he is well enough," returned the other grimly.

"It is not possible to do such a horrible thing!" said the girl in a low voice. "And you—how can you suffer it, after—"

"After doing my best to keep him alive?" He shrugged his shoulders. "I am under orders, Mademoiselle, like the rest of us. And I only heard it yesterday."

He went, and Adèle spent the first sleepless night of her life.

IV.

Two days later Charles de Beaumont beheld his benefactress slip as be-

fore into the chapel. She deposited a basket on the altar-steps, threw him an oddly constrained little word of greeting, and went past him into the corner by the altar. Turning his head languidly, he saw her groping for something behind a piece of faded hanging. As she dropped the curtain and came back she met his gaze and flushed crimson, stood for a moment looking on the floor, turned, and walked slowly to the entrance to the chapel, then came as slowly back. A curious pallor sat on her smooth cheeks as she began to unfasten her basket.

"I have brought you nothing," she began in a low uncertain voice. "It is only a pretext. You must go—you must get away at once. You will go, M. le Vicomte, will you not?"

The Royalist smiled, a little sardonically. "I would do much to oblige you, Mademoiselle, but the difficulties—"

"Oh, must you jest upon it!" cried Adèle, stung by his tone. "You shall go—I will help you. Do you know what they will do to you if you do not get away?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle," said the Vicomte quietly, "I do. But I beg of you not to distress yourself." For Adèle's pretty lip was trembling; for a moment she had quite forgotten how unbecoming were tears—then, steadied by the thought, caught violently at her composure.

"Listen," she said. "There is an old forgotten door out of this chapel, behind the hangings there. Between nine and ten to-night I will come to the door with a man and a cart. If you cannot drag yourself as far as the door I will come in and help you; they cannot see in from the church. Then Joseph will drive you under his load of hay to any point you wish where you will find friends—to St. Etienne, for instance, which is full of brig . . . of Royalists."

"Useless!" said the captive. A momentary flush had indeed passed over his thin face. "How is a man to account for carting his hay that distance so late in the evening? It would only be to sacrifice another life."

Adèle shook her head eagerly. "No one takes the slightest notice of what Joseph does. If he threw his hay into the pond, no one would be surprised. He is not—he is an idiot. But he will do anything for me, and nobody will stop him. If they did—if you were found even—no harm would come to him. They would not hold him responsible. I will swear it—by her if you wish it." She pointed to *Our Lady of Succor*.

Again the young Royalist's gaze strayed up to the face of the Madonna and back to Adèle's.

"And what of you?" he said.

"I shall not appear in it at all," answered the girl. "Joseph will do what I tell him, and next day he will have forgotten all about it. No one will know anything of me. I shall just go home to bed, and next morning when it is found out, I shall be more surprised than anybody."

The young man gazed very hard at her, trying to find out if she were indeed speaking the truth. As a matter of fact, she was doing so; but whether the Vicomte would have ended by believing her was to remain in doubt, for, perhaps fortunately for Adèle's scheme, the advent of M. Guillon stopped further protest or argument, and Adèle, whispering "Be ready at nine," fled as on a previous occasion.

The hours between had been leaden-footed and weighted with a thousand warring emotions, and yet the sound of a turned handle made Charles de Beaumanoir's heart beat like the suddenest of surprises. The hangings moved slightly. In the dim light supplied by the body of the church, and

supplemented scarcely at all by the ineffectual little lantern set on the altar steps, a muffled black figure slipped to his side.

Adèle bent over him so low that her drapery touched his face, and with her lips at his ear whispered, "You must try to do with me alone to help you out. Joseph is so clumsy; he would make too much noise. Do not make a sound."

Silently, and fighting back the anguish every least movement cost him, he got to one knee—helped by her strong arms, to his feet. His head swam with the pain, and fell back for a moment uncertainly on her shoulder. "Courage," she whispered, "it is such a little way"; and together, infinitely slowly, they traversed the few yards that separated them from freedom.

Outside loomed Joseph's cart. The owner, a lanky figure whose face in the darkness was indistinguishable, took hold of the Vendean on the other side.

"How shall we see to get him into the cart?" asked Adèle. "You have no light, Joseph? There's a lantern in the chapel; I'll get that." She withdrew her support.

When at last the Vicomte was got into the wagon he was far too spent with physical pain to care whether the remainder of his flight accomplished itself or not. Yet as Adèle knelt above him in the cart, and piled the hay hastily over his body, her face a spectral whiteness in the gloom, he groped suddenly for her hand and carried it to his lips. But Adèle bent and kissed him on the mouth. Then, blushing furiously, she scrambled without a word from the cart and ran back to the chapel door.

As the cart moved slowly away she reflected. It was no less than the truth that she ran little risk of detection; had it been otherwise she would not have done what she had done. Furthermore, she knew that even were

her complicity discovered she would not pay the penalty. Her father might bluster, but he was not a Roman parent. At the present moment, however, she was faced by an unforeseen difficulty—that of covering, for the next hour, the prisoner's absence. She had unexpectedly learnt that a sergeant made the round of the church at ten o'clock, and the sight of the empty pallet would inevitably lead to a pursuit which, in the morning, would be too late. To prevent premature discovery was almost as much to her interest as to the Vendean's.

The church clock chiming a quarter to ten above her head sent her thought scurrying. Panting with a sudden sense of pursuit, she slid through the door and closed it noiselessly behind her. All was quiet in the church save for the voice of a wounded man down the nave, who was talking in sleep or delirium. Invisible in the gloom of the empty chapel, she stood by the deserted pallet, tore off her cap and thrust it into her pocket, and, swiftly unpinning them, shook down her fair locks, so that her head at least should bear some little resemblance to the fugitive's. Then she lay down on the mattress and drew the rough covering well over her.

Sergeant Michel Bernard was by nature a punctual man, and, moreover, he was anxious to get back to the game of cards in which he had been interrupted. The last stroke of the hour had scarcely died away before Adèle heard, down the nave, the whine of the inner leather door. Footfalls, which gradually disentangled themselves into those of two men, came up the aisle, pausing for a second—it seemed a year—at the entrance to the chapel, and passing thence round the Lady chapel at the back of the high altar. Adèle breathed freely again. But in a moment she heard the footsteps stop, hesitate, and return, and in the stillness

the sergeant's voice remarking gruffly to his subordinate:

"What the devil has the *ci-devant* done with his light? It was there at half-past eight."

Adèle's heart died within her. She had forgotten the lantern; it was still outside, and the men were evidently coming to see what had become of it. If they looked at her closely they must see in a minute that she was not what she pretended to be. She cowered under the blanket, holding it over her face. The heavy boots stumbled past her.

"*Sacré nom d'un nom!* Where can it have got to?"

"What does it matter?" asked the younger soldier, yawning noisily. "Perhaps the *aristo* prefers the dark."

"Even if he does he can't have eaten the lantern. He could not even have reached it."

"*Dame!* Then it's one of the other *ci-devant's* miracles," suggested the other, pointing laughingly to the Madonna. "Perhaps she has taken it away to please him."

"It means that some one has been here," said the sergeant, glancing suspiciously round the chapel.

"*La petite Moustier, perhaps?*"

"Impossible," responded his superior. "I saw her leave at dusk, and there is no door open."

The younger man yawned again. "Confound your lanterns, sergeant, and confound this Loire wine—how sleepy it makes a man? Ask the Chouan himself, and have done with it. Here, I'll ask him."

He came, and, stooping over Adèle, shook her lightly by the shoulder.

"Wake up, dog of a Vendean, and tell us what you have done with your lantern!" Laughter and sleep strove in his voice. "Doesn't he sleep soundly? Wake up, *aristo!* . . . I say, sergeant, supposing he's slipped off the hooks. . . . Just bring the light a moment, will you?"

The lantern hanging over the supposed sleeper revealed nothing but the top of a fair head. There was, however, a curious tension about the upper folds of the blanket—a phenomenon which unhappily invited scrutiny.

"I wonder why he sleeps like that," observed the loquacious subordinate, and he gave a little tug to the blanket. It remained fixed in its place even more firmly than before.

"Pull it down!" suddenly thundered the sergeant. "Off with it! By God——!"

The oath coincided with Adèle's scream as the covering was wrenched from her clutch.

V.

M. de Beaumanoir did not often go to Paris. Possibly he found Restoration Paris not much to his taste. Once in two or three years, however, he would come up from Anjou to visit a relative (being especially dear to the younger generation), to transact an hour or so's business, and to bring back a new silk dress for his housekeeper to the rather grim and tidy dwelling where years of her excellent precision had something effaced the traces of that little Eustacie de Soleure who had ruled it so happily and so carelessly so long ago. That all too brief episode seemed now as far away as the other which had made it possible; but it lived ineffaceably, like the other, in the memory of Madame de Seignelay's hero. It was too sacred and too poignant to be often looked at . . . The other, too, had the salt of pain to keep it alive. For strange reports had got afloat in the countryside about the consequences of Adèle's exploit. Some said that her father had turned her out of doors, others that he had beaten her within an inch of her life, others that she had been sent to the prisons of Nantes as a favorer of aris-

tocrats. A still more dramatic version had it that she had only escaped shooting, in the place of the man she had saved, by the intercession of a Republican officer. In time, and by indirect routes, these rumors came, strangely intertwined, to the ears of Charles de Beaumanoir, painfully dragging out a long convalescence in the Bocage. He was wild with self-reproach; but there was nothing that he could do—nothing except to remember all his life, not so much that he owed that life itself to a woman's compassion, as that in his debt to the little peasant girl of Cezay-la-Fontaine lay those short and radiant years of his married happiness. And he had always remembered.

However, when the Vicomte did happen to be in Paris he would pay a species of state visit to the Opera, accompanied thereto usually by a niece or two, but going sometimes by himself, and feeling, on such occasions, very much alone in the midst of a new and somewhat alien type of society. It was on some such thought as this that he glanced round the house one evening in the spring of 1824 between the acts of Gluck's "Armida." It was something of a gala night; the latest star was singing, and the effect of so many brilliant toilettes and sparkling orders was quite dazzling to a provincial. Yet, looking up at a box above him, the Vicomte saw with amazement a smiling young face that he knew. It was that of the little Vendéenne to whom he used to tell stories, eight years ago and more, in an old house at Angers. And from her box Madame de Seignelay, the bride of a few months, saw and recognized her old friend, too.

"There is my dear Monsieur de Beaumanoir!" she cried to her husband. "How delightful to see him again! Make him come up, Georges—I positively must speak to him." And, all sparkling with youth and excitement,

she signalled to Charles de Beaumanoir with her fan.

The Vicomte came, with his well-remembered little limp, as handsome as ever, but a little grayer and older. The sight of her charming and irregular young face, displaying so plainly its pleasure at seeing him again, warmed his heart as he bent and kissed Madame de Seignelay's hand. And she, as he sat by her, began on the instant to ply him with a hundred questions, contriving between a score of "Don't you remember?" to interpolate a quantity of vivacious information about her neighbors.

"You say you know nobody, M. le Vicomte? I do not believe it. You must know M. de Chateaubriand by sight; and that is the great Duchesse de Carentan down in the box a little to the left of you. You know she tries to keep a *salon à la Rambouillet* under his present Majesty. Oh, and do you see the stout lady with the diamonds and the pink satin *à faire frémir*, almost opposite, on the other side of the house? Is she not terrible?"

"You cannot expect an old man to have as good eyes as you, madame," responded M. de Beaumanoir. "I can see a good deal of pink satin, it is true, but I can hardly distinguish features from here. Who is the lady, then, since she is fortunate enough to interest you?"

Madame de Seignelay laughed. "I don't know who she was originally—some shopkeeper's daughter, I fancy—but they say she has already changed her name three times, so that her natal one is quite securely buried by now. She is the wife of Brunner—the Brunner, you know, who made his fortune out of commissariat contracts under the Corsican. Now he has more money than he knows what to do with; but I daresay he manages to get rid of a good deal on his wife's diamonds. . . .

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But here is the curtain going up; I must not talk any more."

A little later the brilliant and laughing throng was emptying itself down the staircase into the *foyer*. Not the least merry there was the little Vendéenne as she came down on the arm of her childhood's hero.

"Come home and sup with us, Vicomte," she whispered as they got to the bottom. "You will not? But I cannot lose you again so soon.—Ah, there is the pink lady again. . . . Georges, do try and persuade M. de Beaumanoir to return with us to supper."

In the crush at the foot of the staircase Madame Brunner, penned with her spouse into an angle, was fanning herself with great violence. As she jerked her head about, a magnificent diamond ornament scintillated on the hard golden hair above her vulgar, red, and not ill-tempered face, and myriads of points of light shot out from a similar collar round her fat throat. Her loud voice, the gleam of her jewels, and the overpowering hue of her gown drew the eye in spite of itself, and Charles de Beaumanoir, wedged at a little distance, looked, like the rest.

Suddenly Madame de Seignelay felt the arm on which her hand was resting tremble violently. She had been speaking over her shoulder to her husband, and turned round to her escort in alarm.

"Are you ill? What is it?" she asked in a low voice, frightened by the face at which she looked up.

The genuine alarm in her voice steadied M. de Beaumanoir as scarcely anything else could have done.

"It was the heat—for a moment," he replied, wrenching his gaze away and bringing it down to her. "Ah, they are moving in front. Shall we go on too?"

And with the little bride on his arm he made his way out in the wake of Adèle Brunner and her diamonds.

As he put her into her carriage—"Are you recovered?" whispered Madame de Seignelay. "You frightened me; I declare I thought you had seen a ghost!"

The Vicomte smiled a very melancholy little smile. "My dear," he said gently, "perhaps I have . . ."

But it was scarcely a ghost which
The Cornhill Magazine.

Fate had shown him in that cruel glimpse; for a ghost is linked with the past, and Charles de Beaumanoir had seen little enough in that prosperous and unlovely vision to connect it with the memory of her whom for more than thirty years he had idealized as Our Lady of Succor.

D. K. Broster.

BONES OF CONTENTION. NO. III.

There are occasions when my wife sees fit to play at a terrible game—a game which, it is true, seems to afford her considerable inward satisfaction, but to me brings only a sense of haunting disquiet and invariably throws me into a cold perspiration. It is the game of horrors, and begins with the ill-omened word "supposing." Usually my wife's indulgence in this recreation is inspired by the contemplation of a problem play, but on the last occasion it was after witnessing one of Mr. Pélissier's spritely ebullitions that her mood merged into that shade of contemplative melancholy which always premises the game of horrors. There is, I suppose, some subtle thread which inextricably unites the frivolous and the gruesome. I must ask a psychologist about this.

Innocently I sat sipping my mild whiskey-and-soda before retiring to rest.

"Supposing," said my wife suddenly, "that I was run over by a taxi and terribly disfigured."

"Why?" I asked mildly.

"Well, I want to know what you would do."

"I should be dreadfully upset," I suggested after a moment's consideration.

My wife tapped her foot impatiently. "What else?" she demanded.

"I should try to get damages out of the company," said I, with a flash of inspiration.

"And what of me?" demanded my wife tragically, "with my scarred, distorted face? You couldn't possibly care for me any more."

"Of course I should." Practise this as I may and honestly as I mean it, I simply cannot say the words with the smallest trace of sincerity or conviction.

"Or suppose," mused my wife, "that I just had my nose crushed and was obliged to have it amputated."

"Sing a song o' sixpence," said I with forced, but relevant, jocularity.

"Could you care for anyone without a nose?" she insisted.

"I have never tried."

"I know you couldn't," she returned with bitter conviction, "not even in the dark."

"If it was you I shouldn't mind—that is—at least—oh, you know, dear." The cold perspiration began to set in as, in response to a frantic summons to my dignity, I grew conscious that my voice and countenance were merely becoming permeated with an expression of sheepish apology.

"And then supposing," continued my wife more cheerfully, "that I sustained terrible internal injuries and had to lie on my back all day. How would you like being burdened with me?"

I finished my whiskey-and-soda at a gulp. "I don't like this game at all," I said.

"The refuge of one who dare not

make a truthful answer. But you are right; it would be far, far better for me to be in my grave and you free to marry someone else. Do you think you would choose a fair or a dark one next time?"

"Piebald," said I.

"I had hardly thought," returned my wife with dignity, "that my sudden death was a fit subject for jest."

"It isn't a fit subject for conversation," I objected.

"Of course you *would* marry again?" she urged almost coaxingly.

"You can't imagine that after my first lamentable experience—" I began with elaborate facetiousness.

My wife checked me with a glance.

"Can you never be serious? Would you tell her about me?" she proceeded. "She'd be sure to want to know which you liked best."

"I never gratify idle curiosity," said I.

"So you would, then?"

"What would?"

"You would marry again?"

"I never said so."

"You said that you wouldn't gratify her idle curiosity."

"Well, nor I would." The cold perspiration took complete possession.

"There you are again."

"Well, I mean if I did I wouldn't," said I with painful lucidity.

"So you think you would?" insisted my wife.

"I'm perfectly certain I should not." Bemused as I was, I felt this to be a brilliant effort and wondered vaguely why I had not thought of it before.

"Oh, you just say that to satisfy me," accused my wife.

It was the most astoundingly true observation that she has ever made in her life, and it fairly shook my mental balance. For a moment I was speechless as I watched the wounded disapproval of her countenance. Then: "I don't understand the rules," I pleaded,

"and surely it is my turn to do the supposing."

"Oh, very well," she agreed unwillingly.

"Supposing, then," I launched out desperately, "that I had been having a little flutter in the oil market. Supposing that catastrophe upon catastrophe had met my honest endeavors to promote our financial welfare; that, in fact, the relentless gushers had swept away the larger portion of our little capital—"

"But, Harold," interrupted my wife, "you would never—"

I did not look at her, but continued my theme with a somewhat remarkable flow of eloquence:—

"Supposing that, for your sake, I had risked much because I longed to see you in the gowns from Paris or Dover Street that you would grace so transcendently. Supposing that instead it meant reach-me-downs from the Tottenham Court Road, hats that you trimmed yourself. Supposing," I continued graphically, "that we were obliged to knock off cream for tea, to descend to bloaters for dinner, to dismiss the cook and promote the tweenie at a reduced salary. Supposing—"

But at this point I was stopped and allowed to proceed no further. My wife stood facing me, her burning eyes gazing into mine.

"So *that* was your pressing business in the City," she said in a vibrating voice. "Oh, Harold, you a gambler—and a ruined one!"

"You aren't playing properly," I objected. "I'm certain you oughtn't to have said that, especially if I did it all for your sake."

She turned away. "I think you have broken my heart," she said.

"Wrong again," said I, and then suddenly I saw that her face was wet.

It took the best part of an hour to undo the mischief I had done, to con-

vince my wife that our capital, still unimpaired, lay snugly reposing in the cotton-wool of Liverpool Corps. and Canterbury three per cents. I had, she assured me, taken ten years off her life, and when at last she went to bed she left me feeling like a remorseful elephant who, in a fit of skittishness, has crushed a bird of Paradise beneath his heavy foot. Her last words completed my mental collapse.

"If people who have no imagination," she said decisively, "would only recognize their limitations, much unhappiness would be spared to those who are obliged to associate with them."

I rose with a sigh and helped myself to another whiskey-and-soda—a strong one this time.

Now, supposing that my wife had been me, and supposing that I had invented the game of horrors, can one suppose that I should have ever supposed that she would suppose—Oh, hang it!

Now, supposing that my wife had been me, and supposing that I had invented the game of horrors, can one suppose that I should have ever supposed that she would suppose—Oh, hang it!

KAISER WILHELM'S LATEST.

The Germans find that their venerated Emperor gets too often on their nerves. They have three distinct reasons for complaint against him and his methods: that he is too fond of posing and attitudinizing, that he assumes to possess powers which he has not according to German laws, that he is constantly blabbing out opinions which most Germans hold but which they do not like to have prematurely disclosed. In his diatribe against the Alsatians and Lorrainers, Kaiser Wilhelm is held to have committed the whole of the three indiscretions together. The threats to a peaceful burgomaster at a private dinner-table are just a familiar bit of the attitudinizing. They are of a piece with his motto, proudly claimed by him at the beginning of his reign, "Whosoever opposes me, him do I smash." The declaration that he, the Kaiser, would abolish the Alsatian Constitution and annex the State as a Prussian province, is resented as empty brag. Nothing but a regular Act of the Imperial Legislature, Federal Council, and Reichstag together, can abolish or diminish the constitutional rights conferred on Alsace-Lorraine by the Imperial Legislature. The Kaiser can affect them no more by threatening

than he can by whistling. But Kaiser Wilhelm's unfortunate avowal, which he has so indiscreetly blabbed out, that nationalist rights and nationalist sentiments will only be met by Prussian coercion, is especially exasperating to the dominant German feeling, just because the dominant German feeling has no regard for anything but ultra-Germanism, and for that very reason does not like the fact to be published to the world. Like a monstrous steam-roller the machinery of Prussian supremacy rolls remorselessly over Polish feeling in Posen, and Danish feeling in Schleswig, and French sentiment in Alsace-Lorraine; and the maxim of "Deutschland, Deutschland, ueber alles" becomes the war-cry of an exterminating force, as merciless in its way as the reddest Jacobins who worked the guillotine on the Place of the Revolution. "Be my brother or I slay thee" was hardly more the motto of the gentry who danced the Carmagnole and bellowed "Ca ira" than of the poker-back officials who have to stamp out the deepest convictions of the annexed Provinces west of the Rhine and the Polish kingdom east of the Oder. The non-Teutonic nationalities, which lie exposed to the outpouring of the

German inundation, are warned by such an outburst as the intemperate menaces of Kaiser Wilhelm in Alsace-Lorraine of the ruthless repression which the genius of modern German statesmanship believes to be necessary for the triumph of the German idea. But there are plenty of Germans who understand that the revelation of this temper and design is calculated decidedly to hinder rather than to help the triumph of the idea in question. Consequently, the angry muttering, "*Der Mensch, kann er nicht Maul halten?*" (Cannot the man keep his mouth shut?)—expresses a very natural annoyance at Kaiser Wilhelm's talkativeness even among millions of Germans who are at one with him in desiring the annihilation of all obstacles to Teutonic expansion.

The violent language of the Socialist orator in the Reichstag in denouncing the violence of the Kaiser's language probably did for Wilhelm II the very best service which anybody could have offered in the particular conjuncture of circumstances. Just when everybody was either prepared openly to blame the Imperial language or at least to blame the Imperial Chancellor, who, poor man, had not been consulted by his erratic master at all, the Socialist insults to a number of the most respectable sentiments of the Monarchy turned off the indignation of the majority of the House into a totally different channel. It was witty, indeed, to twist the Kaiser's threat of punishing a recalcitrant State with annexation to Prussia as an avowal by his Imperial Majesty that Prussia was a sort of Siberia for German lovers of freedom, where a sentence of annexation was equivalent to a sort of penal servitude. But the Reichstag was in no humor for wit of that description. To insult Prussian institutions and Prussian monarchical convictions was not the way to strengthen sympathy

with the wrongs of Alsace-Lorraine, even supposing that such sympathies had any general existence, which was more than doubtful. So the House got far angrier at the Socialist insults to Prussia than at the Imperial loquacity and bad temper. In reality the majority of the House hate the pro-French sympathies of Alsace-Lorraine more furiously than the Kaiser himself; but they do not like their Kaiser blurting out so noisily and offensively his disappointment at the total failure of forty years of German annexation to win the hearts of the conquered populations from the deep affection for *la belle France perdue*. Besides, there is a very strong suspicion that an aggravation of German revengeful proceedings might only play the game of France still more effectively in intensifying the detestation of Alsace-Lorraine for the clumsy and despotic dictators. It is well-known at present that the Alsatians and Lorrainers are more French in language and culture than forty years ago, that although the German school forces the young to study German, on that very account French is cultivated with exacter polish and warmer assiduity in the family and in all the social relations. Even when the Germans compel the people of Metz and Strasbourg to call their occupations or their places of business by a German term, it is exasperation in the highest power for a Prussian official to have to hear the natives clumsily boggling over the pronunciation of the "foreign language," just as if they did not know German from their cradle. There is a caricaturist of genius who signs himself "Hansl," and who has satirized the ways of the garrison so mercilessly that the authorities sent him to gaol again and again. To their horror they have discovered that they have only enlarged Hansl's fields of research, and immensely stimulated his talent for misdescription of

the paternal beauties of Berlin administration.

When the unprejudiced observer puts together the German incapacity for conciliating a conquered people and the German ambition to expand at the cost of any number of conquered peoples, if only the thing were feasible, the conviction must become irrefragably strong that a German domination outside of Germany would be one of the most intolerable afflictions which could exhaust and exasperate European humanity. When Kaiser Wilhelm went to Metz and Strasbourg to menace and abuse the local population, he had just come from Berlin, where the Prussian Ministry was engaged in forging a whole budget of supplementary coercion against the Eastern provinces of Prussia, for the avowed purpose of breaking the spirit and confiscating the property of the Polish population. Things have changed since the Hohen-

The Outlook.

zollerns swore homage on bended knees to the Polish kings before all the magnates of the Diet at Cracow; and the change has not made the Hohenzollern more considerate or more conciliatory towards the race of their former liege-lords. It is of course a pity that such things should be. Both Teuton and Slav are national forces which are necessary to European civilization. But in the ultra-militarist and ultra-aggressive teaching of the modern leaders and inspirers of Germany, Europe is supposed to have no rights against the good pleasure of Berlin. If the British Fleet and British Army did not stand in the way of the would-be Napoleons of the new era, as they stood in the way of the universal domination of the Great Napoleon, an Iron Age would have returned for European freedom and culture. But robbing the Church in Wales provides no defence of European liberty.

ITALY, RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

The Italian Government is fishing in troubled waters. As we predicted from the first, the raid on Tripoli has failed, a few towns on the coast have been occupied at an enormous expense, but though more than 100,000 men have been landed, they are encompassed, if not beleaguered, by formidable forces of Arabs and Turks. The moral blunder of the surprise ultimatum and attack was followed at a ridiculously early stage by the political blunder of the decree of annexation, which now presents a most formidable difficulty in the way of "peace with honor." Evidently a consciousness that with the summer upon them no further ground can be gained in Tripoli has induced the Italian Government to embark upon a most costly naval expedition into the Eastern Mediterranean—an expedition which may exasperate,

but can hardly do much real injury to, Turkey, unless it leads to a conflagration in the Balkans. For the moment, indeed, the abortive attack upon Constantinople and the landing of troops in Rhodes have rather strengthened the Young Turks, who have, perhaps, more to fear from internal dissensions than from foreign dangers. But perhaps the new move has been undertaken in hope of intervention by the Powers. Certainly the action of the Italian fleet is causing a grave loss to neutral commerce in the Levant and the Black Sea, more especially to Russia, Great Britain, and Austria.

The Russian Government is already trembling at a recrudescence of revolutionary feeling in St. Petersburg and other large towns (following upon the brutal massacre of miners in the Lena goldfield), and the closing of the

Dardanelles by floating mines, a defensive measure for which, under the circumstances, the Turks cannot be blamed, is creating much discontent in Southern Russia, whose merchants are naturally losing heavily through the stoppage of their cargoes. It is much easier, as we know from many horrible disasters to peaceful shipping after the Russo-Japanese war, to let loose a floating mine than to recover it. In fact, the work of recovery is so dangerous that there need be no surprise at a long delay in carrying out the arrangements for opening up a fair way for the vessels (now exceeding 200) which are waiting in the Black Sea, and for another fleet reported from Athens on Wednesday to number 172, which is detained on the other side, between Tenedos and the Dardanelles. Of course, the losses in shipping and insurance fall mainly upon Great Britain, for even in the Black Sea and the Levant, as Lord Morley observed in his cautiously-worded answer to Lord Newton, British shipping enormously predominates. We are the world's greatest carriers, and even in the Eastern Mediterranean we have the lion's share of the trade, and, therefore, of the loss. But the irritation caused by this extension of Italian aggression is spreading to other quarters. In seeking intervention by damaging neutrals, the Italian Government is playing a very dangerous game. Hitherto the pacific policy of the Austrian Foreign Office has restrained the militant feel-

The Economist.

ing of the army, but the exasperation of Austrian manufacturers, whose export trade has been suffering severely, is beginning to tell. We learn, on very good authority, that the Austrian Government is already contemplating energetic action, and it may well be doubted whether Austria will tolerate the suggested movement against Salonica. Count Aehrenthal, it will be remembered, interposed decisively at an earlier stage when the Italian fleet menaced Prevesa.

An Italian correspondent sends us a painful account of political and financial conditions in Italy, which prove that there is every reason, from an Italian point of view, for bringing this impoverishing and inglorious war to a termination. Let us hope that the prospect of a friendly understanding between Germany and England which is opened up by the excellent appointment of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein will tend in this direction. Joint action by Germany and Great Britain at the outset might have saved Italy from this disaster. We deeply regret that Sir Edward Grey did not record a solemn protest. But it is still in his power to secure for Great Britain the honor of initiation in bringing about an armistice. Italy has plenty of social and economic problems to solve at home. The development of Italy is not so far advanced that she can afford to pour out blood and treasure month after month on the deserts of Tripolitania.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Professor Paul Leland Haworth's "Reconstruction and Union 1865-1912" in the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge (Henry Holt & Co.) follows in chronological sequence upon Professor Frederic L. Paxson's

outline history of "The Civil War" in the same series. The author's up-to-dateness impels him to carry his narrative almost up to the Republican convention at Chicago in the present month; and it is not perhaps surprising

that he loses something of the poise of an historian in his closing chapter and writes like a somewhat eager partisan. Making due allowance for this, his book must be accepted as a graphic and readable account of the period which it covers.

It is as a study in political evolution that Professor A. F. Pollard presents his outline of "The History of England" in the Home University Library. This method of treatment enables him to give coherence and meaning to his rapid and graphic survey of the course of events from the Roman conquest to the England of to-day, with its empire across the sea and its mighty problems of an aroused democracy at home. The result is a volume which, small as it is, is more illuminating than many a lengthy treatise. Henry Holt & Co.

A beguiling volume and one of unusual literary and historic interest is Prof. Carl Holliday's "The Wit and Humor of Colonial Days" (J. B. Lippincott Co.). We are not in the habit of thinking of wit and humor as entering very largely into the life and literature of American settlers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Life wore a serious aspect to them, and the problems and perils which they had to meet were grave and difficult enough. Yet Professor Holliday affirms, and by abundant citations proves that, from 1607 to the days when the republic took its permanent place among nations, America was never without its store of witty intellects. They proved their sturdiness by the fact that, "in spite of the terrors of the wilderness and the terrors of tyrannical misrule, they retained the happy faculty of being able to see a joke and return it with interest." There are some familiar names among the humorists and satirists from whom Professor Holliday quotes and whose careers he describes,—Byles,

Byrd and Franklin in the earlier days, Philip Freneau and John Trumbull in the revolutionary period, and Timothy Dwight and Joel Barlow in the closing years of the eighteenth and the opening years of the nineteenth century; but there are many others less-known whose jests are drawn upon in this diverting compilation. Humor was of a robust type in those early days, but it was not the less genuine or mirthful for the occasional crudeness of its form.

A most fascinating and seasonable anthology is Eugene R. Musgrove's "The White Hills in Poetry." (Houghton Mifflin Co.) Not only White Mountain devotees, to whom all the peaks and streams and lakes are familiar, but the casual visitor to that entrancing region as well will like to slip this enticing little book into their pockets, and carry with them to the mountains the lines in which Whittier, Lucy Larcom, Longfellow, Emerson, Edna Dean Proctor, James T. Fields and scores of others sang of their favorite haunts. Dr. Samuel Crothers, who contributes the Introduction, makes no larger claim for the White Mountains than that they are "the biggest little mountains in the country" but he adds that they "are big enough to awaken in us the sense of freedom, and little enough to permit a feeling of intimacy." In this last phrase Dr. Crothers has compressed into a few words the special spell of the region: it is the feeling of intimacy which lovers of the White Mountains find so beguiling. It seems a pity that Thomas Starr King, who was one of the first to feel and to express this spell, did not write in verse instead of prose, so that he might have been represented here. Mr. Musgrove has added to the value of his anthology by some illuminating notes at the close of the book, and a biographical index, and he has enhanced its attractions by twenty-four illustrations from photographs.

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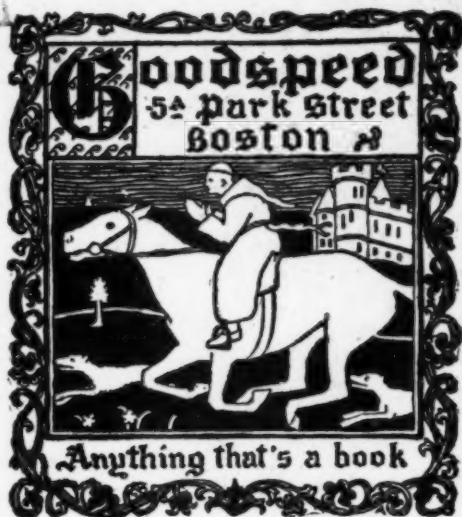
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